McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. [illegible], Editor and Proprietor. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY TERMS: $1.25 Per Year.

VOL. XLVII SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1910 NO. 49

WRIGHT HOUSE BADLY DAMAGED BY FIRE, SMOKE AND WATER WEDNESDAY MORNING

The Entire Upright Part of the Hotel Practically Ruined Together With the Furniture.

GUESTS ESCAPE IN THEIR NIGHT ROBES

Michael Smith Painfully Burned While Trying to Get His Clothing Out of Room No. 22.

LOSS UPWARDS OF $5,000

Insurance of $16,000 on Building and Contents.

TWO SICK GIRLS ASSISTED OUT

Fire is supposed to Have Originated in The Cafe and Run Up the Walls to the Attic—Had a Big Start When Discovered—Firemen Make a Good Fight and Save Building After it Was Thought to be Doomed to Complete Destruction—Cold Weather Makes Their Work Unusually Hard Will be Repaired at Once.

Smethport had a narrow escape from a very disastrous fire yesterday morning when the Wright House, one of the oldest and best known popular hostlerys in McKean county was badly damaged by fire, smoke and water. At about seven o'clock the fire was discovered simultaneously by two or three people about the hotel who had smelled smoke. An alarm was turned in and the fire department responded quickly with its whole modern apparatus. In the meantime Manager F. L. Sherburne got a garden hose which was handy and played it on the fire which made its appearance in the wall between the cafe and barroom.

The fire which undoubtedly originated in the cafe and burned up between the walls until it reached the attic, spread rapidly and by the time the department reached the scene flames were bursting out of the roof and a thick, dense smoke was pouring out of every window and crevice of the third and fourth floors. And to a majority of the spectators it looked as though not alone that but other buildings were doomed to destruction.

However, the firemen set to work with a will that always accomplishes something, and with three powerful streams, two from the fire engine and one from the gravity line, pouring into the vitals of the flames, it was not long before they had the fire under control. The fire, which was mostly between the walls, was stubborn and hard to get at and it took two hours of steady accurate work to extinguish it entirely.

When the fire was at its worst and it looked as though that and several other buildings would be consumed, some of the furniture was removed from the annex to the Wright House and most of the horses, sleighs, harnesses and robes were taken out of the livery barn by E. T. Daly, but they were soon returned to their proper places.

Michael Smith, who is employed by the Backus Novelty Co. as a die maker was quite painfully burned about the face and hands. He was at work when the alarm was given, and rushed to the hotel to save his clothing. His room was No. 22, where the fire had the biggest start and when he opened the door the flames burst out into his face, burning his eyebrows, face and hands to such an extent that he will be laid up for some time. However, his injuries are not considered serious.

Miss Hallie Walker, stenographer for Gallup & Shattuck, and who has been confined to her room for several days with measles, was assisted out of the burning building by friends and taken to the home of a friend.

Miss Maude Ashbaugh, an employee in the hotel, was feeling indisposed and had not got up when the alarm was given. She only had time to don coat, hat and shoes before she was driven out by the smoke.

Several guests and boarders had barely time to get on their clothing before they were driven out. However, the firemen succeeded in saving most of their baggage and belongings.

As is always the case there are many theories as to how the fire started but those who are in the best position to know are certain that the fire started from a gas burner under the coffee urn in the cafe, which is located between the hotel proper and the annex. It was there the fire was first discovered and the path burned between the walls up to the roof makes this evidence quite conclusive.

The damage done to the hotel and furniture is very hard to estimate at this time. Fire swept through the attic, burned the roof considerably and several of the rooms were badly burned. The whole house was fairly flooded with water and smoke, and the damage from these cannot possibly be told until the building dries out and the condition of the plaster is definitely determined. Nearly every carpet in the house is ruined as well as all the bedding and much of the furniture. It is pretty safe to say that it will be at least $5000 and may run considerably higher. Messrs. Dodge & Sherburne, the proprietors, carry $16,000 insurance on the building and contents, and therefore their principle loss will be the limited accommodations in the hotel while the repairs are being made.

Too much credit cannot be given the Smethport Fire Department for the way they handled the situation at this fire. Every bit of the apparatus was first class working order and was on the ground in the shortest time that it could have been possible for the engine to have been got there. Considering the inclement weather and the fact that it did not have the fire engine, compared with the able manner in which it was handled we would have had a much more serious conflagration to record and there would have been another large mass of ruins on Main street in this place.

A gang of men went to work this morning making repairs on the damaged building.

MURDER IN SECOND DEGREE.

That Was the Verdict in Case of J. D. Robinson for Shooting John D. Ripple Near Austin.

J. D. Robinson, who shot and killed John R. Ripple in a house of ill repute near Austin last summer, was tried in Coudersport last week and on Saturday the jury brought in a verdict of murder in the second degree.

According to the Potter Journal of this week, Judge Ormerod gave the prisoner a very severe reprimand when he pronounced sentence. The prisoner was informed that considerable evidence had been offered at the trial to warrant a conviction of murder in the first degree, and that is was with extreme reluctance that the court was forced to follow the law as provided by statute in sentencing the prisoner in this case.

The Court further stated that from the actions of the prisoner during the trial he believed him to be possessed of a depraved mind. Following this severe arraignment of the prisoner the Court sentenced him to the Western Penitentiary at Pittsburg to serve an intermediate sentence of from five to twenty years, at the same time telling the prisoner that he need not hope to be released from prison upon the completion of the minimum sentence if this Court have any power to interfere. The sentence given is the maximum according to a late statute in cases of second degree murder.

Millinery for Fall and Winter.

My Millinery display for Fall and Winter is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct things in ladies headgear, call and see me.

Oct. 6-tf CARRIE CLARK.

A WORD TO HOLIDAY BUYERS.

Hints That May Help The Eleventh Hour Shoppers In The Busy Rush.

There are those who put off their holiday shopping until the last minute and then they are in such a rush that they do not know what to get or where to go to find it. For the benefit of those always-too-busy mortals we give a few brief hints of what can be found in the shops of our advertisers It is always best to buy advertised goods because they are the kind that bear close scrutiny and stand the test of time. The clerks in these too-busy-too advertise shops use most of their time keeping the dust off the goods and the cob webs off the front door. Here is the list with their leading lines.

A. B. Armstrong's Drug Store—Leather Goods, Perfumes, Candies, Hand painted China, Magazines, and Periodicals.

M. L. Armstrong—Jewelry, Watches, Clocks, etc.

Anderson & Mason—All kinds of correct footwear for old and young.

Bell Brothers, Olean, N. Y.—Everything in a large department store and furniture in particular.

Brownell's Store—Groceries, Canned goods, green goods and candies.

The Biscett Store—Large line of novelties for the ladies and the babies.

J. Colegrove's—Groceries, Fancy Canned Goods and Candies.

May Chadwick—Portrait Enlarging and Novelties.

C. A. Goodrich, Bradford—Sewing Machines, Pianos and Sheet Music.

Brasted's Bakery—All kinds of bakery goods, groceries, canned goods and Candies.

Day & Gaffney—Hardware, China and Pottery, Ware, Guns, Revolvers, Sleds, Knives and Skates.

C. H. Downing—Everything in Meats Oysters and Fish.

Eastman & Olson—Jewelry, Cut Glass, Silverware, Diamonds, and precious stones and fine novelties.

Dean Eastman—Groceries, Canned Goods, Christmas Candies.

Fox & Jones—Dry Goods, Carpets, Rugs, Draperies and Toys.

F. A. Green—Flour and Everything to feed the horse, Cow and Chickens.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.—Start a bank account for her.

Holmes & Gilfillan—Everything to build or repair a house.

E. H. Hazeltine—Anything in the line of Harness and Christmas Cheer.

J. W. Jones—Livery Horses, Carriages, Sleighs, Farm Implements.

Cora Clarke—Modern Millinery.

The Lindholm Co.—Dry Goods, Millinery, Carpets, Rugs, Linoleum and Lots of Toys.

James Jewelry—Bradford Diamonds and Precious Stones; Gold and Silver Ware and Novelties.

Charles Lemunier—Robes, Blankets, Trunks, and Traveling Bags.

W. B. Means—"The Big Store"—Hardware, China and earthen ware Skates, Knives, Revolvers, Sleds, and Toys.

Wm. Monheimer—Clothing, Gents Furnishings, Shoes and Novelties in neckwear and jewelry.

A. T. Palmer—All Kinds of Farm Implements, Sleighs, Carriages and Horses.

James Quirk—Restaurant, Sea Food, Tobacco and Cigars.

H. W. Rubin—Merchant Tailor, Clothing, and Holiday Novelties.

"Ike" Simons, Bradford—Clothing, Men's Furnishings, Trunks, and Bags, and many Christmas Novelties.

Specht & Sasse—Furniture and Pictures, a large and complete line.

W. F. Specht—Insurance.

E. W. Strong—Plumber, Everything to make the home warm and light.

Emil Thamm—Cigars, the best brands made.

John VanBlad—New Shoes for the Horse.

H. C. Wells—Drug Store, Filled with Perfumes, Leather Goods, Toilet Sets, Dolls and Toys of all description.

Wright House Cafe—Sea Foods and a good feed.

Charley Wah—a Clean Shirt.

Tom Young—A Good Lunch.

Mollie Pierce—Hand Painted China.

J. A. Holder—Toys and Novelties.

An Opportunity.

During the Winter Term, which opens January 3, the Clarion State Normal School will make special provision for students who are able to enter the Junior Year of the Regular Normal Course. Such students may still be graduated in the three year course. Write for catalogue.

J. GEORGE BECHT, Principal,

Dec.22-1t Clarion, Pa.

TO "GOOD FELLOWS" ALL.

Squander your white chips and blue by the stack,
Fritter your bankroll and whistle it back,
Play for your "roodles" and "premium hands"
(Terms that a sport like yourself understands)
Open a "jack" with a deuce or a trey,
"Short-skate" in every conceivable way,
Skin your best friends and put Luck on the skids,
But lay aside something for poor little kids.

Revel in fizz water, rickeys and gin,
Shut out your conscience as drinks dribble in,
Stand at the bar with your foot on the rail,
Stow away "Scotch" and its like by the pail,
Top it with absinthe and other strange drinks
Found on the list of Mixology's "kinks"
Fuddle your brain and put Sense on the skids,
But lay aside something for poor little kids.

Blow off the chorus to dinner and fizz,
Make the grill ring with your revels and siz!
Kick out the lights from the glass chandeliers,
Wade in the fizz water up to your ears,
Dabble with fun! Let doldrums be "canned"—
Send for more lobster and fizz water and
Throw all your roll at the chic merry wids,
But lay aside something for poor little kids.

So what you wish for the maxim is true
None have to pay the old fiddler but you!
Souls are begotten and souls are to be
Right through the Portals Up There,
like as not,—
If, at the Reckoning it develops you did
Lay something by for a poor little kid!

—John G. Wells in Buffalo Evening News.

A HORSE ON THE ERIE.

Two Bradford Men Work a New One on the Old Reliable Erie R. R.

The railroad people have had "one put over on them" by a new process. A few weeks ago two Bradford young men secured possession of a broken down old horse without cost. They also obtained a horse blanket and other appurtenances of a race horse's outfit and disguising the "plug" as a trotter, made arrangements for the animal's transportation to Tulsa, Okla. An Erie box car was fitted up, an oil stove being placed in it for the comfort of an attendant and hay, feed, etc., were placed in the car. There was a secret contraption in the stall where the second member of the pair of comedians could conceal himself and thereby beat his way. The horse was billed to Dr. P. J. Purcell in the Oklahoma.

The young men worked their scheme successfully and on reaching Tulsa they promptly made their escape from the car, leaving the bogus race horse behind. The railroad people reported the horse's arrival to Dr. Purcell, but Purcell knew nothing about the arrangement and would not have the old animal even as a gift. He refused to pay the bill presented. Then the railroad men communicated with Bradford and local Erie freight people are trying to find out where the two schemers are. Now the Erie railroad company is required to stand the expense of the spectacular swindle and railroad detectives are looking for the two jokers. They concocted the scheme and worked it solely for the purpose of beating their ride. And in view of the outcome of the affair it certainly was "a horse on" the old Reliable Erie.—Bradford Era.

Williamsport Commercial College.

We want more young people to take bookkeeping, shorthand, and typewriting. This is the school which helps young men and women. Business men want our graduates. Sixty-two calls received for office help during the fall term. Largest Commercial school in Central Pennsylvania. Winter term begins Jan. 3. Catalogue and trial lessons free.

Dec.22-1t F. F. Healey, Proprietor.

COURT SENTENCE.

Violaters of the law will pay the Penalty—Hathaway Acquittal.

Judge Bouton sentenced John Bevacco, who was convicted of "bootlegging" in the Big Woods at Norwich township, to pay the sum of $1,000 and cost of prosecution, to serve six months in the city [illegible]

Thomas Arthur, found guilty of fornification was sentenced to pay a fine of $25 to the poor board of McKean county, to pay $12 to the father of Maggie Hudson of Hazelhurst, and to furnish a bond of $300 for the performance of such duties. Arthur was unable to procure the required bond and was committed to jail.

Mat Haley, who was convicted of stealing a clock from the Rutherford Run school house, was sentenced to serve nine months in the county jail.

The jury in the case of Norman Stanton, indicted for assault and battery found a verdict of not guilty, but required the defendant to pay the costs. Stanton could not "dig up" the amount necessary to liquidate the costs and was committed to the county jail.

Mary Ryan who was found guilty of felonious assault with intent to kill was sentenced to pay a fine of $10, cost of prosecution and to imprisonment in the county jail for six months.

The jury in the case of E. A. Hatleway of Bradford, accused of selling liquor to minors returned a verdict of not guilty, but required the defendant to pay the cost of prosecution.

Pascarelli and Smith, accused of committing a crime upon 13 year old Bertha Culkerton, were acquitted because the girl refused to give evidence.

GONE TO OREGON.

County Commissioner John P. Dyer and Mrs. Kinney Accompany Henry Kinney, Demented, to the Far West.

[illegible] Devlin strutted on a long term [illegible] Henry Kinney, who has been confined in the county jail here since Thanksgiving day on account of his demented condition. They were accompanied by Mrs. Kinney and it will take about five days to reach their destination in Prelog.

Mr. and Mrs. Kinney who formerly resided in Oregon, came to Port Allegany this fall where Mrs. Kinney's father [illegible] It [illegible] to be necessary [illegible] Thanksgiving his condition became such that he had to be brought to the jail here for safe keeping. It was rather violent at first but during the time that has been taken for negotiations between the authorities of Oregon and the McKean County Commissioners he has made no trouble, and they hope to make the trip without any trouble from Mr. Kinney. He is a large, powerfully built man and will be a dangerous man if his demented mind should take a turn toward violence.

IMPROVED AEROPLANE.

John A. Still, of Bradford, Interested in it in Business Way.

An aeroplane which has many improvements over anything that has yet been produced, is being built partly by Bradford capital and within the next few days the machine will be given a test. The new "flyer" is said to be a great improvement over those which have been making records of late. The inventor has hopes that his machine will revolutionize aviation.

J. M. C. Bryant of Binghamton, N. Y., is the inventor and he maintains the closest secrecy regarding the most vital points of the new machine, the apparatus that he claims will enable him to ascend from a standstill at an angle of nearly 45 degrees. Mr. Bryant will make the test on the ice of the Susquehanna river.

J. M. C. Bryant is president of the company; J. L. Henry of Rochester, N. Y., is vice president, and J. A. Still of Bradford is secretary and treasurer. Messrs. Still and Henry have equal rights in the company and are the owners of the American and foreign patents. Within a few days the patent papers will be received from Washington, D. C.

The new aeroplane has been under construction since last August. It will not be removed from shelter until the patent papers are received.

The framework of the aeroplane is to be entirely of aluminum pipes and the sailing surface will be sheets of aluminum as thin as paper and as tough as steel. Extending to each side will be the steering and tilting wings with specially perfected [illegible] surfaces.

The centralization of the operating apparatus is one of the most notable features of the invention. Everything controlling the movements of the machine is within easy reach of the operator and a number of new and excellent adjuncts to prevent mishaps are included. One of these is the removable spark plug. With the spark plug now in use it is necessary to unscrew it from the socket when it is necessary to replace it. In the air this would be an almost impossible feat.

When the test is made the machine will carry one 50- and two 10-horse-power motors. The chassis is steered by moving the rear instead of the forward wheels, but in other respects is similar to the automobile steering apparatus.

All three motors furnish propulsion as ascending power. Full power may be shifted to one, two or three propellors, located to the fore. It is expected that the aeroplane may travel in the air at a rate of at least 80 miles an hour and may be regulated to go ten miles an hour.

The drive will be friction, but dissimilar to the automobile friction drive.

The blades of the rear propellor are of comparatively heavy aluminum plates. Although Mr. Bryant refuses to describe the method by which the result is obtained, he claims that he can regulate the propeller speed from 5,000 to 25,000 revolutions a minute. The engines are, of course, air cooled, but not in the manner adopted by Wright, Curtiss and others. To reduce the weight in flight Mr. Bryant has hit on a new method of carrying fuel. As anyone acquainted with the operation of the gasoline motor knows, the fluid reaches the cylinders the form being manufactured in the carburetor and forced into the cylinder.

My Pittsburg [illegible] to demonstrate [illegible] but [illegible] tank.

The operator's seat is supplied by [illegible] and called seats. His "perch" is very comfortably arranged without regard to giving perfect access to the controlling apparatus and motors and to facilitate matters in the event [illegible] of the machine.

Mr. Still [illegible] the [illegible] the [illegible] The [illegible] and [illegible] for [illegible] and [illegible] to any point without [illegible] Bradford [illegible]

Students at Edinboro are instructed in the art and theory of teaching. Winter session begins Jan. 3, 1911. Catalog Free.

Dec.22-1t. John F. Higbee, Principal.

RED CROSS CHRISTMAS SEALS.

Every Red Cross Christmas seal sold in the six counties in Northwestern Pennsylvania adds a penny to the treasury of the Northwestern Anti-Tuberculosis League in Bradford. This Society maintains the Bon Air sanatorium and is taking care of 38 patients at the present writing at a loss of between $3. and $4 per week per patient.

It is a well known fact in this county that the Bon Air sanatorium is doing a wonderful work and that many lives have been saved there in the last year and a half, that were declared hopelessly sick by well known physicians. This work has only been possible through the charity of the people in this district, but as the Institution has grown faster than they have been able to obtain money to pay for the growth, it is hoped that enough money will be realized in the sale of Red Cross Christmas seals to materially reduce their debt.

Bradford, Ridgway, Kane and Warren are making great sales and it is sincerely hoped that Smethport will do its share in the purchase of these little seals. There are quite a number of Smethport people members of the Northwestern Anti-Tuberculosis League showing that there is a great deal of interest in the town in charity. This sale offers to the man who feels he cannot afford to be a member of the Northwestern Anti-Tuberculosis League an opportunity of contributing his mite.

Buy a few Red Cross Christmas seals.

At Holder's Store.

An All Wool Silk Petticoat worth $5.50 for $4.00, Col. Green, Gray, and Navy. It

LITTLE MERRY CHRISTMAS

How a Waif's Greeting Saved Black Carston's Life

By GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH

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"Merry Christmas!"

"Huh! What's that?"

The gruff voice took some of the enthusiasm out of the childish treble, and it faltered somewhat weakly in repetition:

"Merry Christmas, sir!"

The big bearded man stared at the diminutive speaker and for an instant the hard drawn lines on the heavy face threatened to relax, but a moment later a spasm as of pain shot across it, and the voice grumbled:

"There isn't any merry Christmas—not in this world! Whoever taught you such an idea? Huh! Merry Christmas! I haven't seen one for forty years, and"—

The little white, drawn face had an intense appeal to it, but it fell upon a hard, stony nature. The forty years of hard life had dried up the well-springs of sympathy, and the gruff miner stumbled away, leaving the boy a mute witness to one of the tragedies of life.

A few minutes later the child turned and walked in the opposite direction. There were no tears in the wondering eyes, but the mute face had the hunted sorrow of a wounded animal. Twice the little legs halted as if too weak to carry the slight body, and once the boy dropped on a fallen log and stared ahead of him.

It was unlike any Christmas the child had ever before experienced. Christmas had always been ushered in by snow, sleet, rain or cold north winds, but in this strange new land the flowers were in bloom in the dead of winter, and northern birds warbled and cooed from nearly every leafy bower. It was hard to realize that in the faraway northern city the land was wrapped in the icy embrace of the frost king. A little pang of disappointment crept into his heart, and unconsciously he sighed for the old familiar scenes.

"Black" Carston stumbled down the slope of the hillside after leaving the boy, a growing anger and rage disturbing his mind. He was in no humor that morning to have the festive season of the year recalled to him. Only the night before the strike which he had constructed [illegible] by which [illegible] with loosened stones and bowlders [illegible] was only one of a long series of accidents which had followed his unlucky venture and at first he had expected it philosophically.

But the pipes voice of the child had made his old black mood return. "Merry Christmas!" He muttered the words under his breath and kicked viciously at the loose stones. When he came to the wrecked sluice he glared at it savagely and finally sneered:

"Well, what's the odds? There's not gold here anyway—not a cent's worth—and I've only got the disappointment a little earlier than I expected. I'll pull out tonight and make another try over on Copper creek."

Then, with a grim: "And that youngster wished me a merry Christmas! Huh, what a foolish kid he is!"

The miner dropped moodily on a rock and refilled his pipe. He sat there a long time smoking. Somehow his thoughts drifted away from the scarred mountainside, and he forgot the work ahead of him. His disorganized camp lay around unheeded. If any emotion stirred within him it was manifested only by quicker puffs from his black pipe.

It was Christmas day—Christmas in the great mining region where "Black" Carston had worked and toiled for years without appreciable result. The calendar had ceased to hold any meaning for him, and Christmas was an unknown holiday to him. He didn't know, and he didn't care, whether it was Christmas or Memorial day. One day was like all others to him.

But the merry greeting of the stray child from the east had impressed it upon his mind that others in the great world of work and trouble still held to the observances of holidays. He knew little of the boy's history—just a few snatches of rumor that had reached him. A poor little derelict of a great city, crushed and worn out prematurely by disease and environments, the child had been rescued by some charitable society and sent west to find new health and strength in the more congenial climate.

Why had the boy selected this morning to greet him with words that seemed to drive the iron deeper into his soul? "Merry Christmas! Huh! There was no merry Christmas in this world—not for such outcasts!"

For an hour the man was absorbed in strangely perplexing thoughts. Then he rose slowly and picked up his few belongings. He threw them into a pile and kicked them viciously as if they had been responsible for his troubles.

Up near the head of the sluice, where the mountain torrent of the night before had dislodged the bowlders and nearly wiped out his camp, he found his pickax half buried in debris. He rescued it from the dirt and gravel, and as a parting thrust at the cruel rocks which had defied him he sunk the implement deep into their sides. The pick crushed through the shell of the rocks so easily that the man almost lost his balance.

"Merry Christmas, eh!" he grunted. "Merry Christmas!"

He withdrew the pick and started to walk away. A slight oozing of water from the scar caused by his pick attracted his attention. He stared at it and then mechanically stooped to examine the gravel and splintered rock. With a little gasp of surprise he gathered another handful and spread the pieces out on his rough palm. Three times he dug up all he could hold in one palm and repeated the operation.

Suddenly a fierce light shot into his eyes, and his face assumed the eager, greedy look of a wild animal on the scent of some helpless prey. He dropped on hands and knees and dug at the sand and rock until the blood seeped from scarred fingers and dyed the rocks. He was for all the world a wild beast tearing and rending a bloodless victim to death.

Again and again he held the samples close to his eyes and each time grunted with satisfaction. He sprang out of the hole and attacked the rocks with his heavy miner's pick. The blows fell with sharp, metallic sounds; but, unmindful of the noise, the miner worked feverishly and stubbornly at the excavation.

There was a little cry of exultation. The man held within his hand a sample of dull yellowish rock that sent the blood coursing rapidly through his veins. The freshet of the night had unearthed a vein of gold which promised to bring true all his visions of the past.

Deeper and deeper into the bowels of the earth he dug, following the course of the vein and grunting his satisfaction at each fresh discovery. Had he not been carried away by his greed and excitement he would have hesitated and withdrawn from his perilous position. His expert knowledge of mining would have told him that he was courting a terrible danger.

But the good fortune which had come to him after forty years of disappointment made him temporarily crazy, and he forgot everything except the gold which he was unearthing. Then a sudden blow from his pick loosened a torrent of sand, and the rocks above his head groaned and settled down.

Carston was instantly alert and realized in a flash his danger. He sprang back toward the mouth of the opening, leaving his pick and samples of gold behind. But the avalanche of rocks and dirt was too quick for him. It fell around and over him until the light of day was shut from view. A heavy bowlder rolled over on his leg and pinioned him to the soft sand.

The roar of the descending avalanche subsided, and the miner drew a deeper breath when he realized that all immediate danger was passed. An overhanging ledge had partly protected him, and he had a space of a few feet in which to breathe and move. The wall of loose stones and rocks could not be very thick, for he saw glimmers of light shining through.

But when he attempted to extricate himself from the prison he found that a worse fate had befallen him than he imagined. His right leg was crushed and held in a vise-like grip by a huge bowlder that had settled down on him.

In vain he tried to move the rock and pull his leg free. But the bowlder was immovable, and the excruciating pain made him faint, sick. For hours he tore at the sand and gravel at his feet and snapped and snarled at the rock which held him a prisoner.

Then, faint and exhausted, he lay back and rested. The pain grew past endurance, and unconsciousness mercifully relieved him. When his senses returned he renewed the struggle, but with the same hopeless effort. His prison was located far up on the mountain side where no human creature would be likely to stray for weeks or months at a time.

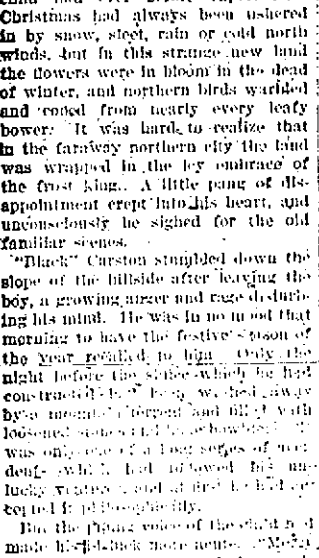
"Black" Carston was a man of iron will and rugged constitution, and he did not yield easily to despair. During the long hours of the day he fought and struggled with almost superhuman effort. Then the pain, loss of blood and exhaustion broke his spirit. With a little sob he dropped his head back on the rocks and resigned himself to his fate.

"So this is Christmas day! Merry Christmas, eh!"

The child's morning greeting had clung to his mind, and it sprang to his lips unbidden again and again. Then his thoughts wandered, and he muttered over in his troubled dreams:

"Merry Christmas, merry Christmas! Ha, ha! Merry Christmas, youngster!"

In his agony he rolled over and wrenched the tortured limb until relief came again through sheer exhaustion.



THERE WAS A LITTLE CRY OF EXULTATION.

During the few lucid moments of the mind Carston tried to think connectedly and plan for some method of escape, but his strength was unequal to it.

Human nature yielded gradually to the strain. The waking, lucid moments grew fewer and of less duration. His mind wandered over the past. He babbled and talked in his sleep. At times forms seemed to surround him, and he forget his predicament in talking to them.

Then music seemed to lull his senses, and he heard voices which soothed his mind. They were all singing the refrain that had so offended his ears that morning. Clear above all the others a childish voice sang. He was in church, but the voice was that of a child or of an angel, Carston could not say which.

"I wish you a merry Christmas! I wish you a merry Christmas! I wish you a merry, merry, merry, merry Christmas!"

Almost unconsciously the man's lips framed the words and repeated "a merry, merry Christmas!" It was far from a merry Christmas to him lying there imprisoned in the rocks, with one leg crushed, but he was past physical pain now, and it was only the mind which took cognizance of the world about.

Then the high, piping voice changed. It seemed to come from a greater distance, vague, shadowy and almost inaudible. Carston strained his ears. It

"OH, ARE YOU ALIVE?"

was an old familiar tune, and the words stirred a responsive chord in him:

"Good news on Christmas morning,
Good news, oh, children, dear!
Christ was born in Bethlehem
And is living now and here."

The voice and song trailed off until lost entirely to the ear. When silence fell around the man vaguely wondered if this were death. He had often thought of death. He had seen it in so many different forms that the fear of it had seldom disturbed him. Now he dreaded it not, while [illegible] for the pain was past endurance, and there was no release from his prison.

He seemed to wait and listen eagerly for the song again, but all was silence around. A great dreary blank drifted across his mind, and he was unconscious of pain or suffering. How long this stupor lasted he could not say, but when consciousness returned again an agonizing pain shot through his leg and body. He groaned and tried to change his position.

Then close to his lips a little sobbing voice cried out: "Oh, are you alive? I thought I was too late. Wait a minute and I will get the leg free."

It was dark all around, but Carston looking up saw stars shining overhead. They came through a big hole in the wall of rocks. His leg was numb that feeling was nearly gone but he was conscious of little hands digging and tearing at the dirt beneath the crushed limb. Then suddenly a great weight was lifted from it and the little sobbing voice said:

"Now pull with me."

How the little hands worked the dirt and rocks loose from the bowlder and how the two of them strained and pulled to extricate the man's body from the death trap Carston could never clearly understand, but after an hour of agony he felt himself lying on the surface of the earth with a little, slim, slender creature by his side, gasping and panting from exertion. Tiny drops of moisture trickled on Carston's face, but they were blood from lacerated hands and not tears. The little sobs were dry and tearless.

Carston swooned again in spite of his heroic will to fight back the weakness. In the interval the stars shone down upon him in their cold, hard brilliance, and the soft, cool air filled his panting lungs with healing strength.

They carried the man to the nearest mining camp and gave him such medical attendance as he needed. After a week of fever and delirium Carston's strong constitution brought him through successfully. His first thought was of the child who had rescued him.

"Bring that merry Christmas youngster to me!" he almost shouted. "Where is he? Don't keep me waiting."

Rugged old Carston, black by name and character, flung his arms around the slender neck and, with a great sob in his voice, cried: "Merry, merry Christmas! A merry Christmas, youngster, and God bless you!"

But even then he did not know that his faint "Merry Christmas!" uttered in his feverish dreams when imprisoned in the rocks had first attracted the little singer's attention and was responsible for his rescue. That was long ago, and Carston now celebrates the Christmas season with religious zeal and ceremony, and there is always a little "Merry Christmas" to help him, for nothing could satisfy him but to nickname his rescuer "Merry Christmas."

TIDES THAT RAGE

Queer Pranks Played by the Ebb and Flow of the Ocean.

THE RUSH INTO THE AMAZON.

Three Successive Waves, Each Ten Feet High, Fling Themselves in a Roaring Mass Upon the Great River. The Tides at Panama.

The highest ocean tide in the world is in the bay of Fundy, where it has been known to rise eighty odd feet. The second highest tide is found at the mouth of the English river the Severn.

The top of the Severn tide is at Chepstow, and when there is a gale behind a spring tide a rise of nineteen feet seven inches has been observed within a single hour. The result of this is a "bore," a tidal wave which sweeps up the wide channel at more than ten miles an hour and swallows the bare sands under a wild tumble of turbulent waves.

The cause of the gigantic Severn tide is interesting. It is not entirely due to the rapid narrowing and shallowing of the Bristol channel, but is chiefly caused by the fact that two tides enter the Severn simultaneously. The crest of the tide which runs into the Irish channel meets at the mouth of the Bristol channel another wave, twelve hours older, which has come round the north of Ireland. These two together run up the Severn.

A tide almost equal to that of the Severn is seen in the bay of Mount St. Michael, on the French coast. At low tide carts drive across from La Vendee to the Isle of Noirmoutiers at high tide big ships sail across the road.

In stories of adventure one sometimes reads of the tide racing in over the sands faster than a man can run. This actually happens in the bay of Mount St. Michael.

At low tide there lies before one a wide plain of sand 150 square miles in extent, in the center of which rises the huge black mass of St. Michael's mount. The tide turns and one sees it rushing in edged by a line of white. A liquid mass estimated at 1,170,000,000,000 cubic yards comes pouring into the bay and in a very few hours covers the whole great plain. The distance between ebb and flood marks in the bay is nearly seven miles.

Centuries ago all this desolate gulf was a wide stretch of fertile land, protected on the seaward side by tall sand hills. A great tide with a heavy gale behind it burst through the barriers and stole away great acres of farm and pasture.

While the French side of the English channel is daily visited by immense tides, England's side has comparatively small ones, and from Poole harbor to the Isle of Wight the very peculiar phenomenon of double tides is seen. These are caused by the interruption of the tidal wave by the Isle of Wight.

All over the world we find the tides playing the queerest pranks. At the port of Panama, on the Pacific end of the Panama canal, you may watch a tide of twenty-three feet rise and fall. Less than forty miles away, at the Atlantic end of the big cut, there is practically no tide at all.

We have spoken of the "bore" in the Severn. Imposing sight as this is, it is child's play compared with the tidal wave which rushes up the enormous estuary of the Amazon.

This rush of water, which, by the way, makes a terrific roaring sound, comes in three successive waves, each about ten feet high, and vessels navigating the estuary are in as great danger as when they are overtaken by storm in the open sea.

The Ganges has a dangerous "bore" at high springs, and the "mascaret" on the river Seine is also a source of peril to small craft.

The force of the currents or races produced by tides penned in narrow channels must be seen to be believed. Every one has heard of the famous maelstrom off the Norwegian coast, the terrible whirlpool which was supposed to drag down ships and grind them to pieces against the rocks at the bottom. The whirlpool as such does not exist, but the tide race between Moskol island and its next neighbor is almost as dangerous as the revolving eddy of the fable.

The sea here rushes through a rock walled channel at more than ten miles an hour. A sailing vessel caught in this race is perfectly helpless, and a steamer must have uncommonly good engines to drive her way through it.

Between Jura and Scarba islands, on the west coast of Scotland, is a tidal race which for speed and fury holds a world's record. The native name for this race is Corrobhreacain. Literally "cauldron of the spotted seas." Here the tide runs at no less than twelve and a half miles an hour, and when the wind is over the tide the whole strait becomes actually a boiling, foaming cauldron, into which no craft of any kind could venture without certain disaster.

In December, 1902, an easterly gale created enormous difficulties for the shipping at Hamburg. It took the water right out of the Elbe, and where vessels drawing twenty-five feet had been accustomed to move easily there was not water enough to float those drawing fifteen feet. All the large steamers in the port were stranded, and some lay right over on their sides. The scene was a most curious and amazing one.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Passenger—Any danger on this trip, cap?

Captain—Well, there's a pirate balloon above us and a submarine under us, and we're carrying twenty tons of dynamite. Outside of that there's no cause for nervousness.—Baltimore Star.

Unlucky in love, lucky at cards,
The sages say,
But the henpecked lout
Can never get out
To play.
—Pittsburg Post.

"Then you were disappointed in your first glimpse of Spain?" "I admit I was somewhat surprised. I thought everybody carried a guitar."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe.
She had so few children she didn't know what to do.
But just as she thought she must surely begin
To give up to despair votes for women came in.
—Puck.

He—I have a great mind—
She—Stop making mountains out of molehills.—Boston Transcript.

"How can I," said the grocer man, "make this darn business pay
When, as you see, in every case I give my goods a weigh?"
—Galveston News.

Mrs. Nixon—Isn't that Sarah Sharper a practical girl?

Mrs. Lytton—Yes, indeed! But I never realized it till she advertised for a husband in a financial paper. Most girls, don't you know, would have selected one of the marriage periodicals."—Vancouver Province.

A fretful time before it booms,
And dread is in the air,
For soon we'll all be kicking in
One winter underwear!
—New York Telegram.

And when the job is under way,
As precedents outlaw,
Each one will wish that he could say,
"Excuse me while I sputter."
—Birmingham Age-Herald.

And yet why should we look so sad?
Why should we rave and rant?
Is there no balm in Gilead—
No counterirritant?
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"The sultan of Sulu says he has only one wife."

"Yes, and since seeing his portrait I have wondered how he got her."—Houston Post.

When morning hits our boarding house
And with it breakfast brings
We note the cook, as usual, has made a hash of things.
—Atlanta News.

Penn—Do you see anything of our old friend Growel? Last time I saw him he said he didn't like New York.

Gothmite—That's so, but I guess he'd rather be in New York than where he is now.

Penn—Where is he now?

Gothmite—I wouldn't care to say. He's dead.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Harsh words are like hailstones in summer, which, if melted, would fertilize the tender plant they batter down.

Time and Patience.

No road is too long for him who advances slowly and does not hurry, and no attainment is beyond his reach who equips himself with patience to achieve it.—La Bruyere.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

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W. B. MEANS.

Up-to-Date Hardware

McKean County Miner

Smethport Thursday, Dec 22, 1910

Local and General

—Read the new holiday advertisement Fry's Corner this week

—We wish our readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

—Chadwicks orchestra is engaged for every night next week except Sunday

—The members of the Hi Sigma Rho banqueted at their fraternity house last evening

—Hon W T Creasy has recently been reelected State Master of the Grange of Pennsylvania

—Here is a warning Because his wife refused to give him pancakes for breakfast John Haynes of New York shot and killed her last Friday

—On Tuesday John D Rockefeller gave the Chicago University $10,000 000 making $35 000 000 in all he has given that institute of learning

—The Hi Sigma Rho fraternity will hold a dance at the Lyceum Thursday, Dec, 29th Chadwicks orchestra Dancing from 9 p m to 1 a m

—The McKean County Club of State College will hold a dancing party at the Bradford Lyceum Friday night several Smethport young people will attend

—A special meeting of the Smethport Fire Department will be held at their parlors this (Thursday) evening Business pertaining to a new fire alarm will be taken up All members are requested to be present

—The clam chowder supper given by the men of St. Elizabeth's church last Saturday evening was largely attended and was thoroughly enjoyed by all A substantial sum was realized

—The Smethport Land & Improvement Co is offering its houses and lots at extremely low prices as will be seen by an advertisement in another column This is an excellent opportunity for anyone to get a good home for half the money it would cost to build

—Services will be held in the Swedish Mission church on Christmas morning at 5 30 S k "Julotta" and in the evening at 7 30 The Sunday school will also give their Christmas entertainment Monday eve, at 7 o'clock All Scandinavians are cordially invited J. E Hallmertz, Pastor.

—The Ladies Orchestra of which mo Nov 24th issued the [illegible] Smethport Mr Emmett and [illegible] wedding day, so the [illegible] of the work on the great [illegible]

—Next Sabbath in the church on Christmas day Holy Communion at 8 00 a m Holy Communion and sermon at 10 0 [illegible] evening prayer and childrens carols at 7 0 p m The childrens Christmas tree and treat will be held in the parish house at 7 00 o'clock Saturday evening Holy Communion at All Saints chapel East Smethport, at 9 00 a m Christmas day

—A complaint has been filed by the citizens of Pollyer with the public service Commission against the Western New York & Pennsylvania traction company The complaint states many and the service rendered by the company The complaints states that the track is uneven and unsafe for traffic The schedule calls for one car every 80 minutes to travel 18 miles

—Claude N Bennett will lecture at the Smethport Lyceum on Tuesday, January 3, being the third number on the Smethport Fire Department course President Wm H Taft says of Mr Bennetts work Lectures such as yours descriptive of the work which is being done on the Canal Zone will be of much value to the audiences before which they are given I wish you success in the work

—The papers of the city are all right if you want them, but remember that it is your own home paper that advertises your churches, your schools, your various societies, your entertainments for the public benefit and enterprise of all sorts for the public good It is the local paper that writes up wedding festivities as well as obituaries of the dead and mentions the thousand and one items in which you are interested during the year and which you do not find in the city dailies

—John Borossos, about 35 years of age, died at the Bradford hospital last Friday from injuries which he sustained several weeks ago while engaged by the Miller Construction company on some B, R and P railroad work in the vicinity of Boyer He was one of three men who failed to get out of the way of a storm shovel and he sustained several internal injuries and for a few days his condition did not improve and he was brought to the Bradford hospital Deceased was survived by his widow and one child

—The production of oleomargarine increased from [illegible] pounds in 1909 to 153 7 426 pounds in 1910 Of the latter amount 3 491 978 pounds were taxed at ten cents per pound It will thus be noted that over 97 per cent of all the oleomargarine manufactured during the last fiscal year was taxed at only one fourth cent per pounds These figures are issued by the federal revenue commissioner and are authentic They clearly demonstrate the fact that the oleomargarine business is not working under such a burden as many people think People have heard so much about the ten cent tax on artificially colored oleomargarine that they have naturally associated this tax with all oleomargarine As a matter of fact less than three per cent of the total product is taxed at ten cents per pound, the remainder being taxed only a quarter of a cent per pound An effort will probably be made by the oleomargarine manufacturers to secure the repeal of the ten cent tax at the present session of Congress These statistics indicate that the claims advanced that the present law is a burden upon the poor man because it taxes his butter ten cents per pound is not founded upon fact.

—New York to London or Paris in two hours and a trip around the world in two days That is the claim of a New York inventor just made public by which he expects to relegate all existing methods of aquatic travel to the scrap heap [illegible] is the [illegible] which is [illegible] under way to carry out his idea [illegible] ship of unusual [illegible] Motive power [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

McKean County Miner

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HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 22, 1910.

Merry Christmas.

Happy New Year.

No Miner next week.

Hattie LeBlanc, the girl who was tried last week for the murder of William Glover, at Boston, was acquitted on Monday.

An explosion that blew up a power house of the New York Central R. R. in New York on Monday caused the death of eleven people, injured 100 more and did $2,000,000 damage to property.

Roberta De Janon, whose elopement last winter with Ferdinand Cohen, a Bellevue-Stratford waiter, aroused the police of the entire country, calls heiress to almost the entire estate of her grandfather, Robert Bulst, the millionaire seed man, who died in Philadelphia last week.

At Hopewell, Ala., on Friday night last three brothers locked themselves in a room and fought with knives, and when found the next morning all were dead and terribly mutilated. Two of them had been paying attention to the other's wife and they agreed to fight it out, the survivor to have the woman, who knew of the argument and agreed to stand by it.

With his body from ankles to neck a mass of burns and his face and feet frostbitten, Edward Dilleher of Scranton, Pa., is lying in the hospital at North Hudson, N. J., in a serious condition. Dilleher, void of clothing ran into the barroom of a small hotel in Granton N. J. last Friday night, and fell unconscious to the floor. When he revived momentarily he was only able to tell his name and murmur weakly: "Burned in fire by men." Dilleher then relapsed into unconsciousness and later became delirious. He will probably die. Dilleher's terrible condition and his delusions [illegible] had fallen [illegible] tramp [illegible] and robbed him and left him [illegible] lies and [illegible] police are working on this theory and [illegible] all possible clues as to the identity of his torturers. Dilleher was able to say that he lived at 16 Harrison street in Scranton.

Burdette S. Bayle, County Superintendent of Schools, has announced in the current issue of the Home & School Visitor his candidacy for re-election at the meeting of directors which takes place next May, and we have no hesitancy in advocating his re-election, notwithstanding the fact that he has a worthy opponent in Mr. Lillibridge, principal of the Eldred schools. We favor Mr. Bayle's candidacy because he has had six years' experience and during that time has been a faithful, efficient and successful superintendent of the schools of this county and because we feel that no man could step in his place and do as well as he for the next three years at least. The argument of "pass a good office around" is all right where one man can perform the duties as well as another, but in this case we seriously object to it on the ground that the most efficient man is the man for the place, regardless of whether he has held the office for one or a dozen terms. No good business man will discharge an efficient superintendent of his affairs just to give the good salary to some one else who wants, and any sensible man will use the same good judgment in retaining a superintendent of the educational welfare of his children.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The great event of the week in Washington was the filling of the high judicial position by President Taft. His choice for the lofty post of Chief Justice of the United States, Edward Douglas White, of Louisiana, former Confederate soldier and Democrat, was of course a great surprise. Never before had a President chosen for that exalted office a man of different party than his own. As it was the appointment has been very generally commended. It was the exercise, too, of a privilege which was possessed by but six Presidents before him—George Washington, John Adams, Andrew Jackson, Abraham Lincoln, Ulysses S. Grant and Grover Cleveland. Adverse criticisms have come from partisan politicians and pessimists, but as a rule comments have been in the warmest praise of the President's fine independence and excellent judgment in the choice of a jurist who has the respect and confidence not only of the members of his profession throughout the country, but of the public very generally.

The new Chief Justice is one of the most constant pedestrians in public life. Any good-weather day Justice White may be seen, often accompanied by Justices Holmes and Lurton, walking homeward along Pennsylvania avenue. After he has dined Justice White usually takes another long walk. It is a mile-and-a-half from the capitol to his residence.

The unanimous re-election of Congressman Joseph E. Ransdell of Louisiana, to the Presidency of the National Rivers and Harbors Congress, whose convention last week brought to the National Capital distinguished men in the business, commercial and professional life of the country, was a most deserved tribute to a man who has devoted many years of his life to a study of the complex questions growing out of the improvement of our waterways. Mr. Ransdell is next to the ranking member on the minority side of the Rivers and Harbors Committee of the House and is being strongly urged for Chairman of the Committee when the House passes into the control of the Democrats. One thing is certain Mr. Ransdell is thoroughly equipped for the place and would be a worthy successor to Col. Alexander, the present Chairman and to former Chairman Theodore E. Burton who has been promoted to a seat in the Senate. The seventh convention of the National Rivers and Harbors Congress was the most successful ever held by this great body of waterway enthusiasts and the high standing of the delegates aided materially in getting the river and harbor bill through the House in record time.

The announcement that some of the House leaders favored in the coming apportionment of representatives among the states in such a way as to hold the House membership to its present size, is meeting with considerable opposition. Dividing the total population of the United States, 91,972,206, by the present number of representatives, 391, would give 235,221 as the basis of population required for each representative. Such basis would cause the loss of members to too many states to make it less than highly improbable that their delegations in the House would vote for it. Representative Crumpacker, chairman of the Census committee having the problem to solve, has been entirely reticent on the subject. Representative Hay of Virginia, the senior Democrat of the committee, whose state would be one of the losers in the proposition not to increase the size of the House is more outspoken than the chairman. His guess is that the apportionment figure will be about 211,000. The Hay figure, dividing the total population, would give a House of 433 members an increase of 42. On that basis of apportionment New York would gain 6, California and Oklahoma 3 each; Illinois, Massachussetts, New Jersey, Texas and Washington 2 each, and 1 each would be gained by Alabama, Colorado, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Michigan, Mississippi, North Dakota, Ohio, Pennsylvania, South Dakota and Utah. One each would be lost by Iowa, Maine, Missouri, and Nebraska.

KIND OF SULFUR NEEDED.

Professor Surface Says the Cheapest Grade is as Good as Any.

At this time of year many inquiries are made of State Zoologist H. A. Surface, concerning the kind of material that should be used to make the lime-sulfur solution, which the progressive fruit growers of Pennsylvania have found to be the most efficient and satisfactory material in destroying the San Jose scale, which was once so injurious to their orchards. An inquiry was also made concerning potash fertilizers. Doctor Surface gives the following reply:

"The flowers of sulfur are the most finely divided precipitate, and this form sells at the highest price. The flour of sulfur is finely ground sulfur, also chemically pure, but not quite so high in price as the precipitated 'Flowers.' The commercial sulfur flour is finely ground brimstone, just as it is quarried from the craters or volcanoes where sulfur occurs, or contains some [illegible] and impurity, but it is cheapest, and therefore, is the most desirable form of sulfur for making the lime-sulfur wash, as it serves the purpose just as well as the most expensive forms.

"Muriate of potash and sulfate of potash are the two more expensive forms of potash fertilizer. The least expensive form being Kainit, which is a very low grade of potash. The sulfate sells at a few dollars more per ton than the muriate, and it also contains a little more potash, and some persons think that it is more available for plants. It is generally agreed that the muriate when used for potatoes makes them tough, while the sulfate makes them tender or mealy. They are chemically different materials, each of which contains potash to form one of the essential fertilizing elements of plants, and both are valuable as fertilizers. The difference is not in purity, but in chemical composition."

Subscribe for The Miner.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Miss Bessie Quinlisk was in Bradford Monday.

Elmer Quirk was a business visitor in Bradford Saturday.

E. T. Newman has returned home from a trip to the Pacific Coast.

Miss Sylvia Lawrence was a business visitor in Eldred Monday.

Sheridan Gorton, Esq., was a business visitor in Bradford yesterday.

Katheryn Morey returned home from Kane the latter part of last week.

A. G. McAllister of Colegrove has been a visitor in town for the past two days.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Morey were Bradford visitors Tuesday and Wednesday.

Robert H. Kinney is in Smethport the guest of his mother during the Holidays.

Mrs. E. R. Mayo and daughters, Miss Katherine Mayo, were Bradford visitors Monday.

Mae Howe spent Tuesday with George Howe, returning to Instanter Wednesday morning.

Mrs. T. H. Petrie and daughter, Miss Marie, spent the forepart of the week in Bradford.

Hon. James A. McKean and ex-Sheriff George W. Mitchell were Bradford visitors on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry R. Henderson of Indiana, Pa., are guests of friends and relatives in town.

Mrs. Charles Hartmayer of Buffalo is the guest of her sistors, Mrs. Nettie Duntley and Mrs. C. H. Curtiss.

Miss Catherine Murray of Smethport is visiting at the home of Mrs. William Calahan.—Johnsonburg Breeze.

Miss Katheryn Mayo is home from Wellesley, Mass., College to spend the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Mayo.

Donovan Bell who is attending school in Chestnut Hill, Pa., returned Wednesday to spend the holidays at the home of his parents.

Frederick Speelt, Walter Apple, Ed Glavin and Donald Hogarth returned from State College Friday to spend the holidays with their parents.

"THE CLIMAX,"

Will Be at the Lyceum, Friday, January 20, 1911—Best Attraction of the Season.

"The Little Girl who lost her voice," such is the sobriquet of Adelina, the heroine in Joseph M. Weber's brilliant New York success "The Climax," a stirring story of Bohemian life, by Edward Locke, with incidental music by Joseph Carl Breil, which will be the attraction at the Lyceum, Friday Jan. 20th.

The author is said to have given us something really new, in theatrical conceptions. He has worked out his theme with humor and imagination, with a delicacy of poetic fancy, with truth to the demands of reasonableness in character and situations, and with dramatic picturesqueness and structural effectiveness. There will be no attraction seen here this season better worth seeing in its combination of qualities that make up for pure enjoyment. "The Climax" is made up of only four characters and the entire action takes place at the Bohemian apartments of Luigi Golfanti, in New York. Adelina von Hagen comes to Luigi, a voice culturist, and lives with him and his son Pietro, a young musician of great promise. Adelina is beloved by John Raymond, a young doctor, who endeavors to persuade her to relinquish her love for art for his devotion but she steadfastly refuses. A slight operation upon her vocal cords is found necessary and to further his own ends and to obtain his heart's desire, the doctor, by mental suggestion, wills that she shall be unable to sing upon her recovery from the ordeal. Pietro also loves Adelina, and he has written and composed "The Song of A Soul" inspired by Adelina, but when she tries to sing this song her voice fails her completely. This tragic note of the play is one that makes the heart swell up and seek relief in tears believing that she can no longer become a great singer, she agrees to wed the doctor, and in the pleasant excitement preceding her marriage she discovers that she has regained her voice, "and all is well that ends well." The development of the plot introduces both instrumental and vocal music in which "The Song of a Soul" is one of the important features. "The Climax" is one of those beautiful creations that utterly defies criticism, and is such a pretty play, so prettily told, that a synopsis of its plot but seems to mar it, as one must see it to appreciate it.

The presenting company, which includes Arthur Cogliser, Chester Barnett, Thomas Sinclaire, and Miss Ann Swinburne, is said to be one of exceptional merit, each member fitted with a part admirably suited to his or her respective personalities or talents.

THE HARRISBURG PROGRAM.

Reprinted from Pennsylvania School Journal, December, 1910.

The program for the convention at Harrisburg is worthy special mention. The general sessions and the departments and round tables meeting jointly afford a range and variety of interest never before possible for an educational meeting in Pennsylvania. And yet, withal, the pending school legislation has given to the program a definiteness of purpose which educational meetings do not often have.

At the opening session the president of the Association will discuss Teachers' Retirement Funds. Dr. Herrick was active in the establishment of Teachers' Retirement Funds in Philadelphia, and for three years served as secretary of the Retirement Board. His review of the situation in Pennsylvania and his comments on pending legislation are sure to be of interest. Dr. Schaeffer's address on "The Schools for the Children" will draw attention to the standards by which all our educational policies should be measured. All the factors clamoring for recognition in the pending legislation, even including the teachers, should sit calmly before the fact that the schools are for the children.

Wednesday evening will likely see the most strenuous session of the convention. There are differences of opinion as to the desirability of a State Board of Education and these differences are sure to come out.

Thursday forenoon will be devoted to the very live problem of our rural schools.

Thursday evening the mooted question of the size and qualifications of the Board of Directors will be discussed, with such sane men as Superintendents Wightman and Coughlin of Pennsylvania and Professor Suzzalo of the Teachers' College in the lead.

Friday morning the Pennsylvania Normal schools will be frankly and fairly discussed.

The above statement but inadequately sets forth the features of the general program, and to the attractions of the general program should be added the attractions of the numerous strong department programs. The call to the earnest teachers of Pennsylvania is loud and clear, and thousands of them should be in Harrisburg during the recess at Christmas time.

Teachers should send to County Superintendent for card orders for reduced rates.

RIVERS OF ALASKA.

The Waterway Wonders of This Immense Territory.

Were the rivers not navigable there would be little done in the interior of Alaska today. First used by the prospector in his poling-boat and the trader with his little steamer, they have become the means of opening up every camp that has been struck in the interior of Alaska.

The Yukon is very shallow at its mouth, which is about seventy miles in width across its delta. There are places 500 miles from the mouth of the river where the biggest Atlantic liners could navigate with ease, for there are soundings which show a ninety foot channel in a mile wide river. The Yukon is navigable for 2,100 miles. The Kuskoquim, a sister stream, has been navigated only on the lower reaches, but with its navigable branches is believed to have 1,000 miles of navigable water. The Tanana has been ascended for 500 miles and the Koyukuk in excess of that figure. Scores of other streams can be used by small steamers for from twenty-five to 200 miles. Altogether it is safe to say there are 5,000 miles of navigable streams in Alaska. The Yukon opens for navigation the latter part of May and closes the latter part of October.

But with all its wealth of gold, its unheard call to toilers of the soil, its mountains studded with gems of riches—the lodes of veins of copper and other materials—this empire starves for the one thing that would make it thrive.—Collier's.

The Name Noah.

Not many persons are sufficiently acquainted with the Bible to know that Noah was the name of a woman as well as of the patriarch. At an inquest in England a female witness gave her Christian name as "Noah." The coroner remarked that he had never before known a woman to bear the name, whereupon the witness, who was well posted in the origin of her singular prenomen, said:

"It is a Bible name, sir; you'll find it in the last chapter of the book of Numbers."

Reference was duly made, and in the eleventh verse of the thirty-sixth chapter the coroner found mention made of "Mahlah, Tirzah and Hoglah and Milcah and Noah, the daughters of Zelophehad."

Same Thing.

Mr. Simpson was reading the newspaper. "Here's a Chicago man got into a drunken brawl and was stabbed to death," he said aloud.

His wife glanced up from her knitting and commented, "In some low saloon, I suppose."

"No. The paper says he got stabbed in the thoracic cavity."

"Same thing. You'd think the police would close such a place up."—National Monthly.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES, Liveryman.

At Holder's Store.

A good Child's Wool Coat, worth from $2.50 to $3.00 for $1.50. 1t

Sale of
SWEATER COATS

A Complete Line
All Kinds
All sizes
Too many

so we have decided to
CUT THE PRICE
Buy him a sweater coat fot a useful Xmas gift.

H. W. Rubin,
Smethport, Pa.

SANTA CLAUS
Has Opened Headquarters at
WELL'S DRUG STORE

As has been the custom for upward of Twenty Years Santa Claus has again opened headquarters at this store for the benefit of old and young who appreciate good gifts at Christmas time. The Jolly old fellow has completely filled the store from top to bottom, with the best to be found in his exhaustable pack. It is not often that Santa Claus decides to leave such a large and complete line of his goods in one store but he knows that we have always "Delivered the Goods" and that is what he wants.

Toilet Articles and Hand Bags
Are much in favor with the ladies this year and the line on display excells anything in this section.

Gifts For Men
Are as a rule hard to select, but you will have no trouble after visiting this store. The display is exceptionally large and attractive.

Dolls, Big and Little
It is well worth your while to see our display. We have hundreds of them-Bisque dolls that open and close their eyes and do almost everything but talk; unbreakable dolls, that are the pride of the really little ones, and all the other dolls.

Toys and Games
Here is where we really do shine above all competitors. Never was there anything like them in town. Everything you can think of and a lot you never heard of. Don't fail to see this line.

Pictures and Frames
This line is unusually choice and well selected.

Tree Trimmings
All that you could want in these novelties.

Come Early

H. C. WELLS
The Old Stand Smethport, Pa.

BROWNELL NEXT DOOR TO GRANGE BANK

NO Dry Goods, Liquors or Hardware

BUT EVERYTHING IN GROCERIES

A CHRISTMAS DREAM

of comfort for tired feet may come true if a pair of easy-on-the-feet shoes be picked out for children, other relatives or friends, from among the many styles, shapes adn sizes of late patterned footwear we have gathered together for the good people of Smethport. They are so priced by us as to make purse comfort, too. Have a "look-in" first day you're near—don't wait until the last minute.

ANDERSON & CARLSON,
Smethport, Penna.

LET THIS STORE HELP TO MAKE YOUR CHRISTMAS HAPPY

——during our——

PRE-HOLIDAY SALE

This store can drive away your frowns and worries, with its immense assortment of the Holiday merchandise. For the prices we are quoting are not in the least burdensome. Come and see for your own satisfaction.

Don't put off your Christmas shopping until the last day, remember you only have two more shopping days before you Here's a list of a few of the many gifts on sale here.

Gloves, Hosiery, Handkerchiefs, Toilet Articles of all description, Jewelry, Books, Mufflers, Slippers, Shoes, Coats, Hats, Furs and a hundred other just such appropriate gifts, including a big line of Toys and Dolls.

MEN:

Be a SANTA CLAUS yourself and give your wife or sweetheart a silk petticoat for Christmas.

She will appreciate it and you will not regret it.

Find them here for $3.98 now, in black and colors, same as you usually pay $5.00 and $6.00 for.

Heatherbloom skirts too, but the price is less. Let us show you these.

The Lindholm Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

This
is,
you
see, a
Christ-
mas tree,
one of the
best type, too
and while, dear
sir, 'tis not a
fir. yet it was
made fir you. 'Tis
true, you see upon
this tree no presents
rich and rare; yet
please be kind, and
bear in mind, in wish
the gifts are there. We now
wish all, the short and tall
young, middle-aged and gray;
the
poor,
the rich,
white,
black
as pitch
"A Merry Christmas" Day.

DALY & GARLICK

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 22, 1910.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—No paper next week.

—Peace on earth good will towards men.

—Monday will be a legal holiday; therefore the banks will be closed on that day.

—B. F. Cory is building a new home at Coryville.

—Captain Hobson lectured in Kane last night, but 'tis said he did little or no kissing in the mountain town.

—The January number of the Boys' Magazine is on sale at the book stands and is an unusually interesting issue.

—The Sunday school of the M. E. church will have its Christmas tree and supper to-morrow evening (Friday.)

—The Grange National Bank declared a dividend of $3.30 per share on its capital stock at its recent semi-annual meeting.

—August, Smith has returned home from Oklahoma. Mr. Smith has been suffering with fever for the past four months but is convalescent now.

—The Christmas services at St. Elizabeth's church will be at 5:30 and 10:30 in the morning, with high mass at each service. No evening service will be held on this day.

—John E. Bahn and Miss Mary Elizabeth Scott of Bradford were married in that city early yesterday morning. The groom is a son of John Bahn who formerly lived at Colegrove.

—Edward Hunter committed suicide by taking morphine at the Oil City House in Bradford early last Thursday morning. He is said to have left a wife and two children at Watkins, N. Y.

—O. A. Parker of New York, has a chance to add to his income if he has babies enough. By the term of the will of his brother, Frederick D. Parker died last week, he and his wife are to be given $30 a month apiece for each child that is born to them. The will also provides that another brother, William R. Parker, be given $30 a month and if he marries that much additional is to be paid to each child born to the union.

—Mrs. Fred H. Nourse of Keating township was quite painfully burned one day last week. She was carrying a pail of hot water out to her chickens when she slipped and fell, throwing the water up her arm. Her injury is improving nicely at this writing, which will be good news to her many friends.

—A fatal fire occurred at Chatauqua Monday. Mrs. Mary Miller, 65 years old being the victim. Mrs. Miller who had no near relatives, lived alone in a cottage on the assembly grounds. Neighbors discovered the building in flames and by the time the fire company arrived the little building had been destroyed. Later Mrs. Miller's charred body was found in the ruins.

—William G. Hevenor, prominent in the history and development of Salamanca, and at one time of the foremost business men of western New York, died last Friday evening at his home in Rochester, N. Y. The remains were brought to Salamanca Saturday morning and taken to the home of Dr. Boland. Deceased was a brother of John Hevenor, of Eldred.

—A beautiful memorial has been placed in our local cemetery to the memory of Mark M. "Brick" Pomeroy, author, editor and political writer, a man whose memory is kept green by his kind deeds, beautiful writings, and noble efforts for the betterment of his fellow men. The monument if of fine grade Quincy granite of plain and pleasing design, well in harmony with the sterling qualities of the one whose ashes it marks the final resting place.—Port Allegany Argus.

—Charles Bricker, a well known young man, has returned to his home in East Smethport. During the past summer, "Specks", was a member of the Frank A. Robbinson circus, closing the season, October 12, at Dover, Delaware, the show going into winter quarters at Jersey City, N. J. While traveling in the south Mr. Bricker was taken seriously ill with kidney disease and while on the way home was compelled to take treatment for a number of weeks at the Harrisburg hospital at Harrisburg, Pa.

—Mrs. E. S. Perry and another lady of Rew City met with a serious accident while driving a team into Bradford Tuesday morning. In crossing the trolley tracks at East Bradford the sleigh was overturned and the ladies thrown out. The team ran to what is known as "dead man's curve" at the foot of Main street where they crashed into a trolley car and one of the animals was so badly injured that it had to be killed. The ladies escaped without injury but were badly frightened.

—The concert given by the Smethport High School at the M. E. Church Monday evening was a very pleasant surprise for those who were in attendance. Every number on the program was well rendered and the character of the entertainment merited a much larger house, although the attendance was fair. Miss Irma Wells assisted materially with a very clever select reading. About $20 was realized from the concert, and we hope that they will give another in the near future and that the young people will be greeted with a much larger house.

—General William S. Bull of Buffalo a former superintendent of police of the city of Buffalo, died at his home last Sunday. General Bull was a veteran of the civil war and prominent in G. A. R. circles. He was 67 years of age and is survived by a widow and three daughters. Before receiving the appointment as police superintendent, General Bull was a salesman for the Courier Paper company and regularly visited the newspaper offices of Smethport and surrounding towns. He had many friends in this section who will deeply regret his death.

—While employed on a drilling well in the vicinity of Bingham Wednesday, Garth Rumsey, well known locally, was caught in the bull wheel of the rig while attempting to take up a measure of slack in the rope, and dashed through the side of the rig. He sustained a severely cut lip and a number of bruises about the body, but was exceedingly fortunate to escape with his life. He was working alone at the time.—Mt. Jewett Herald. Mr. Rumsey is a former Smethport young man and has many friends here who will be pleased to learn that he escaped so luckily.

—Clark Hayes, a former Coudersport landlord and recently proprietor of the Arcade saloon in Wellsville, after being deprived of his license on account of the town going dry, filled up his show window with ladies hats and put up a milliner's sign. Would-be purchasers of millinery were politely shown up stairs where a legitimate shop was in operation, while others took a different route to another room in the rear where "liquor joy" was dispensed, says the Democrat-Whereupon the Austin Autograph deposes and says: "You can't keep an old timer down."

—Lucius Rogers Shero, son of W. F. Sheró warden of Racine college, is one of three students successful in passing the examinations recently held at the university of Wisconsin for candidates for the Rhode scholarships at Oxford university according to the announcement made by President Van Hiss, of the university, yesterday afternoon. Shero is now attending the Harverford college, at Harverford, Pa. The other two students are Arthur W. Little, of Lawrence college and Lat me Jones of Ripon college—Racine Daily Journal, December 9. Young Shero is a grandson of the late Lucius Rogers. His father was at one time Principal of the Smethport schools.

—There is nothing Smethport needs more at the present time than a team for hauling the fire engine and apparatus of that department. It was merely a matter of good luck that a team was handy to haul the engine to the fire yesterday morning and had the fire been an hour earlier a delay would have followed that would have cost thousands of dollars. It seems to us that a team could do a certain amount of work on the street and therefore be a light burden to the borough government, and at the same time be always ready for a night call on the fire engine. This matter should be carefully investigated for we certainly need some ready mode of conveyance for our fire engine.

—Claude N. Bennett of the Congressional Information Bureau, who is a versatile and many-sided man, has found a new outlet for his talent in the lecture field. Last summer he visited the Isthmus and made a deep study of the condition of affairs there. * * * He investigated at leisure not only the work on the great Canal, but the method of life, politics, and traditions in the old Spanish settlement. * * * It is to be hoped that Mr. Bennett's career as a lecturer will not terminate when the story of the Canal becomes stale, for he is a man of broad experience and talks interestingly and soundly on many subjects.—The Washington Herald, Washington, D. C. At the Smethport Lyceum, January 3rd.

Subscribe for The Miner.

Wanted.

Girl for light housework during the Holidays. Apply Friday afternoon, the 23rd, from 4 to 7 o'clock, to,

MISS MAY CHOATE,
Dec.22-1t King Street.

At Holder's Store.

Ladies' and Juniors' Stout Suits from $5.00 to $10.00, worth $8.00 to $16.50. Last week. 1t

Subscribe for The Miner.

SAM'S
57 MAIN ST. E.

DIAMONDS DIAMONDS

GOLD AND SILVER BAGS

HULL UMBRELLAS

MEN'S FINE JEWELRY

AT LANE'S

15TH CENTURY JEWELRY

STERLING SILVERWARE

ALL STYLES CLOCKS

WATCHES WATCHES

Bradford, Pa.

The Busy Store

Headquarters for

Santa Claus

DOLLS! DOLLS! DOLLS!

Ladies and Childrens' Furnishings.

Infants Goods a Specialty

Long Coats
Bonnets
Sacques
Kimonas, etc.

Everything beautiful for Christmas

SHOP NOW

Do not just *Think* about it but act to-day. You have many advantages over the last minute shopper if you come to us now. Our store is brim full of the ocest selection of

XMAS GOODS

You will find here **EVERYTHING** that **Men and Boys** wear—and like, things too numerous to name. Besides, you can

Save from $2.00 to $5.00

if you wish to buy a Man's, Boy's or Child's Suit or Overcoat as a Xmas gift.

MONHEIMER'S

Woolrex Garments Home Journal Patterns Cluett Shirts

Fry & Comes

Bargains for Xmas Shoppers.

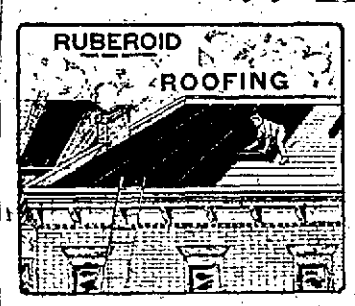
We offer some decided bargains for Friday and Saturday Dec. 23 and 24. Surplus Stocks, Small Lots and Odds and Ends are priced for quick clearance. Read below.

25c. Framed Pictures 13c.
50c. " " 25c.
$1.25 " " 63c.
$2.00 " " $1.00
$2.00 Toilet Sets $1.25
25c. Glove and Handkerchief Boxes 10c.
25c Teddy Bears 10c.
50c Teddy Bears 25c.
$1.50 Teddy Beers 75c.
$2.50 Teddy Bears $1.25.
$1.00 Mechanical Doll Swings 50c.
$1.00 Rolly Dolly Toys 75c.
$1.75 Rolly Dolly Toys $1.25
50c. Magic Lanterns 38c.
$1.00 " " 75c.
$2.50 " " $1.75
$1.50 Ice Cream Freezers 75c.

Mechanical Toys and Games, slightly damaged, less than half price
1 Lot Fur Scarfs and Muffs—River Mink,—Opossum, Fox etc. at ⅓ off regular prices.

FRY & COMES,

WHY



are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamped on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN
LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
SMETHPORT PENN'A.

HOLIDAY JEWELRY

There is nothing more certain to please the recipient of your Christmas Gift than some article in our jewelry line, which is now complete in all its

Christmas Elegances

We have neither the time nor the space to name all these attractive gifts but we have a complete up-to-date stock including all the novelties in

Precious stones, Gold, Silver, Cut Glass, Plated ware.

Every article is sold under our guarantee to be just as represented. Engraving FREE on any purchase made at this store and we will add that early purchasers will get the finest work

ENGSTROM & OLSON
Jewelers
Smethport Penna

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A CHRISTMAS VISIT

to our store will surprise you with the choice stock of wines and liquors that are on our shelves and counters, for your Christmas feast or as presents to your friends, a bottle of champagne, a bottle of claret or sherry, will make a most acceptable Christmas gift.

F. H. HUNGIVILLE,
Wholesale Liquors,
Smethport, Pennsylvania.

The SKY-MAN

By HENRY KETCHELL WEBSTER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS. W. ROSSER

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CHAPTER III.

The Murderers.

Two men clad in deerskins were shuffling rapidly along across the glacier. Dawn was already flooding the arctic sky with its amazing riot of color—rose, green-gold, violet, and the ice beneath their feet was rose color with misty blue shadows in it.

The foremost of the two wayfarers was a man of gigantic stature, six and a half feet tall and of enormous girth of chest; yet, somehow, despite his size and the ungainly clothes he wore, he contrived to preserve an air almost of lightness; of lean, compact athleticism, certainly. A stranger, meeting him anywhere and contemplating his formidable proportions, and then looking up past his great, blunt jaw into his cold, light blue, choleric eyes, would be likely to shiver a little and then get out of his way as soon as possible.

He was walking steadily, glancing neither to the right nor the left. Even over the treacherous, summer-glazed surface of the glacier, his great stride carried him along at a pace which his companion found it difficult to keep up with. Besides, this companion made his task the harder by allowing his eyes to wander from the track they were following, and casting little furtive, anxious glances at the man beside him. In any other company he would have been a rather striking figure himself, well above middle height, powerfully made, and with a face that had lines of experience and determination engraved in it. But the comparison dwarfed him.

Strode On With Unabated Pace, as Though He Had Not Heard.

He seemed to be trying to make up his mind to speak, and still to find this a difficult thing to do.

At last, with a deprecatory cough, he began:

"What I can't see is, Roscoe, what you did it for. It was all right to do it if you were figuring out any gain from it. We'll all agree to that. Anything for our common good, that's our motto. But where's the gain in killing just one poor fellow out of a party of 30? He seemed a good kind of chap, too, and friendly spoken. We didn't serve you like that, when you come aboard the Walrus at Cape Nome."

"It would have cost you four men to do it, Planck, and you were short-handed as it was."

"That wasn't why we didn't do it. You was a stranger, and you was in a bad way. There was a mob of men that wanted you mighty bad, and we gave you shelter and carried you off and made you a regular sharin' member of the crew. Of course if we'd had any reason to act contrary, we'd have done so. And that's why it seemed to us—to me, I would say, that you probably had some reason in this case, here. And, well—we'd like to know what it is."

But the man he had addressed as "Roscoe" strode on with unabated pace; as if he had not heard. For any attention he paid to his questioner he might have been alone in that expanse of ice and sky.

Planck accepted the silent rebuff as if it had been only what he had expected, but he sighed regretfully. He had once known, and it was only four years ago, that same swaggering trick of contemptuous authority himself. He had been master, the most tyrannical sort of master, some say, to be found anywhere in the world; the captain of an American whaler. And this very man, at whose heels he was scrambling along over the ice, had been one of his crew; had never approached the quarter-deck where he reigned supreme, without an apologetic hand at his forelock, and had always passed to the leeward side of him up on the deck.

But the Walrus had been destined never to see port again. She lingered too long on the whaling grounds to get back through Behring strait that fall; and failed in the attempt to make McKenzie bay, where other whalers in similar plight put in for the winter. Instead of this friendly harbor, she was caught in the pack and carried, relentlessly, north and westward. The milling pressure of great masses of ice crushed in her stout hull, so that the open water they had been hoping for, became, at once, their deadliest peril. The moment the ice broke away, she would go to the bottom like a plummet.

But still the slow, irresistible drift of the ice-pack carried them north and west into a latitude and longitude which, so far as they knew, no human travelers had ever crossed before. And then in the depth of the arctic night, bereft of hope, and half mutinous, they found a land that never had been charted, and, most marvelous of all, a human welcome. For here on the shore were Captain Fielding and the two other survivors of his ill-fated expedition.

The fate of the explorer's ship had been, it seemed, precisely that of the Walrus. She had been caught in the pack, crushed in it and carried against this coast. Before the coming of spring, and, with it the breaking of the ice, Fielding and his men had been able to carry their stores ashore, and of these, the greater part still remained.

Of the Walrus people, in all, there were 11, and these, with the three original castaways, settled down to the prospect of an indefinite number of years upon that nameless coast. "We can live like Christians," Captain Fielding had said, "and we can always hope."

His superior knowledge of arctic conditions made him, rather than Captain Planck, naturally commander of the little company. He established the regimen of their life, doled out the store from day to day, and, as best he could, through that long winter night, provided entertainment for the forlorn little group. He told them of his explorations on the coast, of the lay of the land, of what they might hope to see when the sun should come back to them, marking the beginning of another long arctic day.

Among other things, quite casually he told them of a ledge in the hills, across the glacier, which contained, he believed, the most extraordinary deposit of gold in the world. So incredibly rich was it, that the rock itself had almost been replaced by solid metal. The Alaska gold, he said, was only the sweepings, in his opinion, of this immense store.

At the sound of the word "gold," the eyes of the man named Roscoe had brightened for the first time since they had taken him, shivering from his long immersion in the cold water, aboard the Walrus. He drew into the circle that sat about the reading lamp, and began asking questions. Gold was something he knew about. He had mined it in Australia, in California, and in the Klondike. He questioned Captain Fielding about the exact whereabouts of the ledge, about the sort of ore it occurred in, and about the best means of getting it out.

To some extent his own excitement infected the others. Even Captain Planck, whose only well-understood form of wealth was whale blubber, began to take an interest in Roscoe's questions and in the explorer's answers to them.

It was a strange and rather pathetic sort of excitement, Captain Fielding thought. To them, in their practically hopeless plight, gold was about the least useful thing they could find; not hard enough to tip lances or arrows with, too heavy and too easily melted for domestic purposes. However, it gave them something to think about, and he, without a suspicion of the sinister direction in which these thoughts might turn, went on and told them all he knew.

When, after a period of tantalizing twilight, the sun again came fairly over the horizon, they besought their commander, with a savage sort of eagerness from which he might have augured ill, that he take them at once to the ledge. They had caught sight of it from a distance, even as Cayley had done, hung in the air above the valley, and had run recklessly on ahead of their leader. When he came up to them, he found them dangerously excited, the man Roscoe fairly dazed and drunken with it.

Finally Fielding had left them to their own devices, and came away with his two companions. And until the light of that short day had begun to fail, they—the Walrus people—stayed, gloating over this strangely useless treasure.

For three days after that the man Roscoe never spoke a word. On the fourth day, when the little party assembled for their mid-day meal, the 11 men of the Walrus were the only ones to answer the summons. Captain Fielding and his two companions had disappeared.

Captain Planck could not recall that meal now without shuddering, for there at the foot of the table, opposite to him, had sat the man Roscoe, with murder written plain in every line of his face. He had looked a beast, rather than a man, that day. The sated blood lust in his eyes made them positively terrifying, so that the others shrank away from him. He had seemed not to notice it, at least not to take offense at it. He was in hilarious spirits for the first time since they had known him; seemed really to try to be a good companion.

Captain Planck abdicated his leadership that day. He was perfectly conscious of the fact. He had known that to retain the leadership he must take that murderer out and execute him. He knew that if he did not do this, the murderer, not he, would hereafter command the party, and that unless he himself yielded the promptest obedience of any, he would follow the luckless trio whom they were never to see again.

From that day to this there had been no more murders. Roscoe had ruled them with a decision and a truculence which put anything like insubordination out of the question. He had been obeyed better than Captain Planck ever had been. He had worked them fiercely all those four years, cutting, everlastingly, at that wonderful, exhaustless golden ledge, beating the friable ore out of it with heavy mauls, then, laboriously, conveying the great rude slabs of pure metal on rough sledges over the perpetual ice of the glacier to a cave near the shore, where they had deposited it. There were literally tons of it hidden there when the smoke from the yacht's funnel was first seen on the horizon.

The moment the news of the approaching steamer was reported to Roscoe, he had entered upon what seemed to his followers a thoroughly irrational and inexplicable line of action. He had ordered them, first, to remove all signs of recent habitation from the hut to the cave where their gold was concealed; then, to cover the cave-mouth with a heap of boulders, to secure it against discovery.

Long before the strongest glass on the ship could have made out their moving figures, he took the whole party back to the hills in hiding. He had kept them from answering the hails and the gun-fire from the yacht by the sheer weight of his authority, without vouchsafing a word of explanation.

The next day they had seen the searching party come ashore, and with their knowledge of the lay of the land found it perfectly easy to evade observation, though nothing but the strong habit of obedience kept them from courting it.

Then, along in the afternoon, had happened what seemed to them the strangest thing of all. They had seen a solitary straggler from the searching party coming along across the ice. He could not see them. It would have been perfectly easy to evade him, but Roscoe now ordered them to go down to him and tell him who they were, and to offer to escort him along the trail down the glacier. And at a certain point they were to lag behind and let him go on alone. That was all any of them knew of their leader's plans, till they saw the flying dart and the smudge of crimson on the snow.

Now, at last, came Planck to the leader, asking the reason why. But his mission, as it appeared, had not prospered.

For a long time Roscoe walked steadily on, until the two had come far up the glacier. Finally, when he did stop, he whirled quite around and stood confronting Planck, squarely in the middle of a narrow path between two deep fissures in the ice. His eyes were glittering malevolently.

"Do you know any reason," he asked in a thick voice, "why I don't pick you up and drop you down one of those cracks there, or why I don't serve you as I served that fellow yesterday?"

Planck thought he meant to do it, but, with the fatalism that marks the men of his profession, he stood fast and eyed his big opponent.

"You're strong enough to," he said.

"And I'll do it if I want to; you know that," Roscoe supplemented.

"Yes, I know that." The big man nodded curtly.

"Well, I'm not going to now, because I choose not to. Listen. If you had the chance, could you navigate that solid mahogany, hand-painted ship down there?"

Planck cleared his throat, as if something were stifling him. "With a crew, yes," he answered.

"Could Schwartz run those nickel-plated engines he'll find in her, do you think?"

"Yes."

"Well, within two days I'll give you a chance to make good. Now, I'm going to tell you my plan, not because you asked me, but because I want you to know. I'd run the whole thing alone if I could, but I want you with me. We're going to take that yacht and we're going off alone in her—we of the Whaler, alone. Do you understand that?"

"They're better armed than we," said Planck reflectively; "better fed, better everything. And man for man, bar you, they're just as good, and they're three to one of us. It will want some pretty good planning."

"You needn't worry about that," answered Roscoe. "I didn't expect you to make the plans; I knew you couldn't. I've made them myself; they're working right now. Can you keep your tongue in your head and listen?"

Planck nodded.

"That searching party didn't go back to the yacht last night. They're all camped together—about 20 of them—down in the Little Bear valley. There aren't above half a dozen firearms in the bunch; none of the sailors from the yacht have any, and they've got about two days' rations. They're all there together, except the one man we accounted for yesterday."

"I see," said Planck; "and you think we can capture the yacht now while they're ashore."

"Don't try to think, I tell you," Roscoe growled. "I'm doing the thinking. There are probably ten able-bodied men left on the yacht. That's not good enough odds, considering the way they're armed. But about an hour ago I sent Miguel down to the shore party to be their guide. He isn't going to say anything much to them, but what he says will be enough, I reckon. He's to pretend he's dotty and can't understand what they say to him."

Planck's eyes widened a little and he did not ask his next question very

His Eyes Were Glittering Malevolently.

steadily. "Where is he going to take them?"

"Can't you guess that? He's going to lead them into Fog lake, of course."

The thought of it made Planck's teeth chatter. Fog lake was, perhaps, the most curious natural phenomenon upon that strange arctic land—a little cup-shaped valley, from which the fog never lifted—had never lifted once in all the four years they had lived there. On days when the rest of the land was clear, the fog hung there, half way up the side of the hills, so that from the tables surrounding it it really looked like a strange vapory sea. They had explored the edges of it, fearsomely, at times, but had never penetrated far enough to learn the secret of its mystery, if it had one.

"And then?" Planck asked.

"Why, they'll send out a relief party from the yacht of course. The yacht's people know what rations the searching party took with them, and when they don't come back in two days, they'll probably set out from the yacht, with every able-bodied man on board, and try to find the first party and bring it in. As soon as they are well out of hearing, we take the yacht. We may not find a living soul aboard her; and we certainly can't leave one there. But we'll steam up and take our gold aboard—all our gold. And then, well—there's where you'll come in."

"But what then, man? My God! what then? Do you suppose we can go steaming into San Francisco, or any other port in the world, with all that gold in our hull and another captain's log and papers? We might just as well hang ourselves from our own crow-jack yard."

"I hope your wits will improve when you get a deck under your feet," Roscoe growled. "On land here you're about as much good as a pelican in a foot race. No, your sailing orders won't be San Francisco, nor any other port that has such a thing as a revenue officer about. But you ought to know the north coast line over there as far east as McKenzie bay. You must know some harbor there where we can lie up for the winter and not be bothered."

"Yes," said Planck, "I could take the yacht to such a place as that. There's a very good harbor in behind Hirshel island. But what will we do when we get there?"

"After that, it's my affair," said Roscoe. "We'll winter on the yacht. Then, when the weather begins to loosen up a bit, but before the spring thaws, we'll land our gold and our stores; cache all the gold, except what we can carry over the trail, say, about 500 pounds of it, and we'll leave the yacht's seacocks open, so that when the ice goes out, she'll scuttle herself. We shall probably find sledges, and perhaps a pony or two, on the yacht. If we do, it will be easy. It's only a short hike to one of the tributaries of the Porcupine river. Once we reach the Porcupine, it will be easy, for it flows into the Yukon, and that's as good as a railway line. We'll make a raft and float all the way down to Saint Michaels with no trouble at all. The gold we have with us will be enough to take us down to Vancouver, and there we can charter a ship. You take command of her, and we go north through the straits again that very summer—next summer that will be, of course. We go back to the harbor where we left the yacht. You can figure out the rest for yourself, I guess."

"Yes," said Planck. "It's all very well—only won't there be a good many to trust that sort of secret to?"

Roscoe looked at him with a savage sort of grin. "Confe, you're improving. But that hike across the mountains to the upper tributaries of the Porcupine is a hard trail. There aren't likely to be many of us left by the time we get started floating down open water. When we get to the Yukon it won't be surprising if there isn't anybody left at all, but you and me."

Planck caught his meaning quickly enough, indeed, a duller man could have read it in Roscoe's savage light blue eyes; and the thought made his teeth chatter. He would have felt a deadlier terror, perhaps, could he have read the thought that lay at the bottom of Roscoe's mind. The gold hunter was not much of a sailor, but he felt confident that on the broad stretches of the Yukon he could navigate a raft alone.

CHAPTER IV.

The Throwing-Stick.

"Oh, I suppose," said Jeanne, "there's no use worrying."

Across the table from where she sat at breakfast in the snug, warm, luxurious little dining-room on the yacht, old Mr. Fanshaw methodically laid his coffee spoon in the saucer beside his cup, and looked up at her with his slow, deliberate smile.

"My dear," he said, "remember that Tom is in the party. Unless they find everything that, by the utmost stretch of hope, they could find, he would insist on keeping up the search as long as the light lasted, and when the light failed, there would be no more light to come home by. Don't think of worrying; I don't. We'll hear nothing of them for hours."

"It won't be as long as that," she predicted confidently. "My sky-man will probably bring me news before then."

Old Mr. Fanshaw halted his coffee cup half way to his lips. "Your—what?" he questioned. "Oh, I understand." And then he laughed. But his face grew suddenly serious, and he looked intently, curiously, into hers. "My child!" he cried; "it can't be that you are taking that dream of yours seriously. If I thought that, I would have to believe that this queer arctic climate was doing strange things with those nimble wits of yours. A man alighting on the ice-floe, out of mid air, and telling you that he had just dropped in from Point Barrow; it's like the flight from the moon of Cyrano de Bergerac."

She pressed her finger tips thoughtfully against her eyelids. "I know," she said, "it's perfectly incredible, Uncle Jerry, but it's perfectly true for all that."

"Nonsense! Nonsense!" he said explosively. "Don't carry a joke too far, my dear."

"It's anything but a joke," she said slowly, "and if it was a dream—if the sky-man was nothing but a vision, he certainly left me a material souvenir of his visit." Then, with a nod toward the buffet, she spoke to Mr. Fanshaw's big negro valet who was serving their breakfast: "Hand Mr. Fanshaw that queer looking stick, Sam, the one on the buffet. Why—why, what's the matter?" For she had lifted her eyes to the man's face as she finished speaking. It was wooden with fright, and the whites showed all around the pupils of his eyes.

"No, Miss Jeanne," he said, "excuse me. I wouldn't touch dat stick, not for all de gol' and jewels in de world; not even to oblige him."

"What's that?" Fanshaw exclaimed, whirling upon him. "What do you mean? What the devil are you talking about?"

"I seen him, Mr. Fanshaw; I seen him myself, coming down out of de sky las' night. I was out on deck, sah."

Fanshaw looked quickly from the negro's face to the girls as if he suspected a hoax, but the terror in one face and the mystification in the other were obviously genuine.

"I Can't Make It Fit My Hand."

Then he rose and went over to the buffet, returning to the table with the oddly-shaped, rudely-whittled stick. "Do you mean to say," he demanded, looking up at the girl with a puzzled frown—"do you mean to say that he, the man you dreamed about, made you a present of this stick?"

She laughed. "If that seems a reasonable way of putting it, yes; at least it slipped out of his belt and I found it where he had been sitting. But can you imagine what he used it for?"

"Oh, I know what it is, but that only makes the puzzle all the deeper. It's an Eskimo throwing-stick. They use it to shoot darts with. It lies in the palm of the hand, so, and the dart is put in that groove, though the butt of this one seems curiously misshapen; I can't make it fit my hand. But I can't figure out how the thing got aboard the yacht; it wasn't here yesterday."

"Of course not," she said; "my sky-man brought it."

He ran his fingers through his bushy gray hair perplexedly. Then he laid the thing down and seated himself at the table. "At any rate," he said, "we needn't let even a mystery spoil our breakfast. Come, my dear, you've eaten almost nothing. That omelet deserves better treatment."

Obediently she took up her fork, but almost immediately laid it down again, and he saw her eyes brighten with tears. "Of course, if there'd been any news, if there'd been anything to find, we'd have heard."

Silently he reached across the table and patted the hand that lay there on the white cloth.

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"Oh, I know I oughtn't to cry," she said, "and I won't; it's your goodness and kindness to me as much as anything else. Ever since he went away you've been like a father to me, and Tom, dear old Tom, like a brother. And then building this ship and coming up here yourself, facing the dangers yourself and letting Tom face them, all for such an impossible, hopeless hope as that message the sea brought to us."

Her voice faltered there, and she bent down abruptly and kissed the hand that was still caressing her own.

"My child," he said, "your father and I were like brothers—nearer to each other than most brothers. He went away, knowing that if his venture failed, if it ended fatally for him, as it probably did, I should regard you as my daughter—as just as much a child of mine as Tom is. If you hadn't been in the case at all, we'd have built this ship and come up here to find Tom Fielding just the same. There, don't cry. Put on that big fur coat of yours and come out with me on deck."

The moment Mr. Fanshaw and Jeanne emerged upon the deck they heard the sound of oars beneath them, and looking over the rail saw one of the boats in which the shore party had set out, pulling up alongside the accommodation ladder. Three men were in it, two of the crew and Tom Fanshaw.

"What news, Tom?" his father called out anxiously enough to belie his former tranquil manner. "Have you found anything? I hope there's nothing wrong."

The younger man looked up. He saw his father, but not the girl. "Nothing wrong," he growled, "except this infernal ankle of mine. I've sprained it again, and I did it just when—" He broke the sentence off short there, his eye falling at that moment upon Jeanne.

She paled a little, for she had been quick to perceive that something he had been about to tell would not be told now, or must be told differently. But she waited until his father, together with the two sailors, had got the disabled man up onto the deck and safely installed in an easy chair. Then gravely, but steadily, "Just as what, Tom? What clue had they found just as you had to come away?"

"It was very wonderful," he said; "quite inexplicable. Just as we were about breaking camp this morning we saw a man coming toward us across the ice. We thought at first that it was Hunter, and we were mightily glad to see him, because he had strayed off somewhere and hadn't camped with us. But we soon saw it wasn't he, wasn't a man anything like him. He was a queer, slouching, shuffling creature, dressed in skins, and he came up in a hesitating way, as if he was afraid of us. He couldn't talk English, nor understand it, apparently. He looked to me like a Portuguese, and I tried him in Spanish—good Filipino Spanish—on the chance. I thought it startled him a little, and he pricked up his ears at it, but he couldn't understand that either. He just kept beckoning and repeating two words—"

"What words, Tom? Out with it!" This from the old gentleman, who had controlled his patience with difficulty during the little silence. But the younger man hesitated and looked into the girl's face, mutely, half-questioningly, before he spoke.

"The words," he said, "seemed to be your father's name—'Captain Fielding;' it sounded like that."

She went quite white, and reeled a little. Then clutched at the shrouds for support. The old gentleman was at her side in an instant, his strong, steadying arm across her shoulders. Tom himself half rose from his chair, only to drop back into it again with a grimace of pain and a little dew of perspiration on his forehead. He looked rather white himself under the tan.

"I suppose"—the girl said almost voicelessly, "I suppose I mustn't dare—even let myself begin to hope yet, must I, not—yet?"

"I don't know," said Tom. "The fellow seemed half-crazed; seemed, almost, to have lost the power of speech from long disuse of it. But he meant to take us somewhere, that was clear enough from his gestures. If I could only have seen you before I began to blurt the thing out, I'd have spared you the suspense until there was something to tell. I'm sorry, Jeanne."

"Its queer," she said, at the end of a rather long silence. "I'm sure there was no Portuguese in father's expedition. Except for two or three Swedes and Norwegians, they were all Americans. I know the name of every man who sailed in his ship."

"He might have taken some one on at St. Michaels," suggested the elder Fanshaw.

"Yes," she said a little dubiously, "only he never thought much of southern Europeans as sea-faring men."

There was another silence after that. She rose presently and began sweeping the shore line with a prismatic binocular which was slung across across her shoulders. The two men exchanged glances behind her, the elder one of inquiry, his son, a reluctant negative. No, it would clearly be insane to build any hope on the incident.

At last she let the glass fall from her listless hand and turned to them, her face haggard with the torture of impossible hope. "I wish my sky-man would come"—she said forlornly, "come whirling down out of the air, with news of them."

"Your sky-man?" said Tom Fanshaw questioningly.

Here was something to talk about at last, and the old gentleman seized the chance it afforded.

"Yes, we've another mystery," he said. "See what you can do toward solving it." With that for an introduction, he plunged into a humorous account of Jeanne's report of her adventure of the night before, of the man who had dropped down from the sky, in the middle of the night, and talked to her awhile, and then flown away again. "She was really out on the ice floe," he said; "so much I concede; but when I assure her that she dreamed the rest, she is skeptical about my explanation."

"But even you can't explain," she protested; "how I could dream about an Eskimo throwing-stick, and then bring it back to the yacht with me when I was wide-awake, and show it to you at the breakfast table this morning."

"I'll have to admit," said the old gentleman, "that my explanation doesn't adequately account for that."

The expression of the younger man's face was perplexed rather than incredulous.

"But, my boy," cried the elder man, "think of it! He comes down out of the sky and says he just dropped in from Point Barrow; and that's 700 miles away. That's just as impossible as it would be to materialize an Eskimo throwing-stick out of a dream, every bit."

"No, happily that," said Tom judicially. "What was his aeroplane like? What was it made of? Did you notice it particularly?"

"Yes," she said; "I helped him fold it up. It was made of bladders and bamboo and catgut, he said."

"And his motor?" cried Tom. "What was his motor like?"

"There was no motor at all," she said; "just wings."

"There you see, Tom," interrupted his father, "absolute moonshine."

But still the younger man shook a doubtful head. "No," he said; "the things not impossible—not inconceivable, at least. The big birds can fly that far, and think nothing of it."

The old man snorted: "They're built that way. Think of the immense strength of their wing muscles."

"Not so enormous," said the younger man. "I dissected the wing of an albatross once to see. It's not by main strength they keep afloat in the air; it's by catching the trick of it."

"That's what he said," the girl cried eagerly. "He told me he could fly across the north pole, from Dawson City to St. Petersburg, and when I asked him if he could keep flying, flying all the time like that, he said the biggest birds didn't fly; they sailed, and he said he sailed, too, and the force of gravity was his keel."

Her story was making its impression on the younger man, at least, even if his father was as impervious to it as he still seemed.

"Well, if you dreamed that," said Tom, "it was a mighty intelligent dream, I'll say that for it."

"But it wasn't a dream at all," she cried. "Didn't I help him take the thing apart and fold it up into a bundle? And didn't he say that he was a tax payer, and that his name was Philip Cayley?"

She was addressing the elder man, as she spoke, and as she mentioned the name—it was the first time she had mentioned it to any one—she saw him shoot a startled, inquiring glance at his son. Following it, she met Tom Fanshaw's eyes staring at her in utter amazement.

"Cayley," he said, half under his breath; "Philip Cayley—"

"That was the name," she answered—

"And yet, I'd be willing to swear," he said, "I've never mentioned that name to you in my life."

"No," she said. "Why should you? I know you didn't. I knew I had never heard it before when he told me it was his." She hesitated a moment; then: "Did you ever know a man named Philip Cayley, Tom?"

He let the question go by, unheeded, and, for a long time, gazed silently out over the land. "I suppose," he said at last, "that a coincidence like this, any coincidence, if only it be strange enough, will bring a touch of superstitous fear to anybody. I never had even a touch of it before, in all my life, and I always had a little feeling of contempt for the men who showed it. But now—well, well, I wish poor old Hunter hadn't strayed away last night. I wasn't alarmed about him before, and I've no rational ground for alarm about him now. Only—"

He did not go on until she prompted him with a question. "And has the sky-man, Philip Cayley, anything to do with the coincidence?"

Still it was a little while before he spoke. "I suppose I'd better tell you the story—a part of it, at least; I couldn't tell it all to you." He turned to his father. "You, I think, already know it." Then with evident reluctance, he began telling the story to Jeanne.

"There was a man named Philip Cayley," he said, "in Hunter's class at the Point, three classes ahead of me, that was. He and Hunter were chums, the 'David and Jonathan,' you know, of their class. I remember what a stroke of luck for them everybody thought it was when they were assigned to service in the same regiment. It seems to me, as I think back to our days at the Point—of course, my memory may be playing me a trick—but it seems to me that even then Cayley was interested in the navigation of the air. Somebody kept a scrap-book of all that the newspapers and magazines reported on the subject, any way; I remember seeing it. I think it was Cayley.

"I lost sight of him and Hunter when they went to the Philippines. It is only justice to Hunter to say that I never heard a word of the thing that happened out there from him. He never seemed to want to talk to me about it, and, of course, I never forced him. Well, I can make a short story of it, any way, though it has to be a nasty one.

"A man came into the post one day the head man of one of the neighboring villages out there, a man with white blood in him—Spanish blood. They carried him in, for he couldn't walk. He was in horrible condition. He had been tortured—I won't go into the details of that—and flogged nearly to death. He said that Cayley had

"Did You Ever a Know a Man Named Philip Cayley, Tom?"

done it. He had remonstrated with Cayley, he said, because he feared for his daughter's safety—she was a pretty girl, whiter than her father—and it seems that the man's fears had some justification. It appears that Cayley had come out there, blind drunk, with a couple of troopers, who deserted that same night, and manhandled the old man. The girl joined in her father's accusation, at least she didn't deny anything.

"Cayley was away on scout duty at the time when the man came in—the thing had happened some days prior, just before he started out. It came like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky, for everybody liked Cayley and thought him an exceptionally decent, clean sort of chap, though he and Hunter both were drinking a good deal just then. Poor Hunter was all broken up about it. Everybody believed that he really knew some incriminating facts against Cayley, but he never would speak.

"As for Cayley himself, he made no defense whatever. He denied he did it, and that was all. There wasn't any real corroborative evidence against him, so the court-martial dismissed the case as not proved. But he wouldn't testify himself, nor have a single witness called in his behalf, and he resigned from the service then and there, and disappeared, so far as I know, from the world. I heard he had a ranch down somewhere in New Mexico, near Sandoval, I think the place was."

His father saw a quick tightening in the girl's horror-stricken eyes at the sound of the name, which evidently, in some way, helped corroborate the story to her, but he did not question her about it.

There was a silence after that, while the three out there on the Aurora's deck looked blankly into each other's faces.

The silence was broken at last, by none of them, but by a hail from the shore. "Ahoy, Aurora!" cried the voice.

Mr. Fanshaw answered with a wave of his arm. "That's Donovan," he said to the others; then, "Yes; what is it?" he cried.

"Will you send a dinghy for me, please?"

The boat was dispatched at once, and while they waited, Mr. Fanshaw borrowed Jeanne's field-glasses for a look at the man who had hailed them. "He's in a hurry," said the old gentleman. "He looks if he had news of one sort or another." They all had felt it in the mere timber of his voice—something urgent; something ominous.

It seemed an interminable while before the returning boat came alongside the foot of the accommodation ladder. When the new-comer appeared at the head of it, his face had plainly written on it the story of some tragedy.

"What is it?" Jeanne asked, not very steadily. "Oh, please don't try to break it to me! Tell me, just as you do the others."

"It's nothing concerning you, miss, not especially, I mean; nothing to do with your father." Then he turned to Mr. Fanshaw. "I found Mr. Hunter, sir."

"Dead?" The tone in which Donovan had spoken made the question hardly necessary.

"Yes, sir. His body is lodged deep down in one of the ice fissures in the glacier. I could see it perfectly, though I couldn't get down to it."

Tom Fanshaw covered his face with his hands for a moment. Then he looked up and asked, steadily: "He slipped, I suppose?"

At the same moment his father asked: "Do you think we shall be able to recover the body?"

Donovan answered this question first.

"We can try, sir, though I've not much hope of our succeeding."

Then, after a moment's hesitation, he turned to the son.

"No, sir, he didn't fall; at least it wasn't the fall that killed him. I found this in a cleft in the ice near by. It must have been driven clean through his throat, sir."

He held out, in a shaking hand, a long, slim ivory dart, sharp almost as steel could be, and stained brown with blood. "He was murdered, sir," Donovan concluded simply.

"Give me the dart," the old gentleman demanded. As he examined it, his fine old face hardened. "Do you see?" he asked, holding it out to his son. "There is no notch in the end for a bow-string, but it will lie very truly in the groove of that throwing-stick that Jeanne brought aboard the yacht this morning."

Then he turned to the girl. "I'm afraid your visitor last night was no vision, my dear, after all."

But the girl was looking and pointing skyward.

(To be continued.)

Kingsley's Stammering.

Charles Kingsley loved talking, had an enormous deal to say on every conceivable subject and longed to say it. But his stammer was always checking him. He gurgled and gasped and made faces and would sometimes break off in a conversation or a meal, rush out into the open air and liberate his suppressed emotions by rapid exercise or physical exertion. Yet, as has often been observed in similar cases, when he had to preach the stammer subsided, and, though there was some facial contortion, the flow of the discourse was never interrupted. He said to his friend Tom Hughes: "I could be as great a talker as any man in England but for my stammering. When I am speaking for God in the pulpit or paying by bedsides I never stammer. My stammer is a blessed thing for me. It keeps me from talking in company and from going out as much as I should do but for it."—G. W. E. Russell in Winchester Guardian.

Lisbon in Pepys' Times.

Pepys' Diary gives an unflattering picture of the Lisbon court in his day. On Oct. 17, 1661, he talked with Captain Lambert, fresh from "Portugall," who told him it was "a very poor, dirty place—I mean the city and court, of Lisbon; * * * that there are no glass windows, nor will they have any; * * * that the king has his meat sent up by a dozen of lazy guards and in piqkius sometimes to his own table and sometimes nothing but fruits and now and then half a hen. And now that the infanta is become our queen she is come to have a whole hen or goose to her table, which is not ordinary." Some few months later, when some "Portugall ladys" had come to London, Pepys found them "not handsome and their farthingales a strange dress. * * * I find nothing in them that is pleasing, and I see they have learnt to kiss and look freely up and down already and I do believe will soon forget the reclose practice of their own country."

Opportunity.

There is a story of a sculptor who once showed a visitor his studio, which was full of gods, some of them very curious. The face of one was entirely concealed by the hair, and there were wings on each foot. The visitor asked this statue's name.

"Opportunity," was the reply.

"And why is his face hidden?"

"Because men seldom know him when he comes to them."

"Why has he wings on his feet?"

"Because he is soon gone and once gone can never be overtaken," was the reply.

We all know the story of the man who sold the old farm which he had barely been able to get a living from during his entire life and his amazement and chagrin when the new owner discovered gold upon the land the first week of his ownership. A great many of us are in that very condition with regard to our opportunities if we did but know it.—Washington Star.

Pampered Pups.

The dog doctor was making out a bill for the month's expenses of a Japanese spaniel. The items were room rent, board, medical attendance and electric light.

"Electric light?" exclaimed his secretary. "What on earth does a dog need with electric light?"

"He doesn't need it at all," said the doctor, "but his owner has ordered it, and he has been supplied with two eight-candle power lights every evening he has been in the hospital. He is one of those spoiled pups who were put to bed in a light room in their infancy, and now he cannot sleep in the dark. We always have two or three of that kind on hand. They occupy a special ward where the lights burn all night long."—New York Sun.

Collar as a Verb.

The verb "collar" has long been used transitively, meaning to "seize or take hold of a person by the collar; more loosely, to capture." The verb was thus employed early in the seventeenth century. Steele in the Guardian, No 84, wrote: "If you advised him not to collar any man." Other instances are Gentleman's Magazine, 1762, "His lordship collared the footman who threw it," and Marryat's sentence in "Peter Simple," "He was collared by two French soldiers."

A Tenant For Life.

"Have you boarded long at this house?" inquired the new boarder of the sour, dejected man sitting next to him.

"About ten years."

"I don't see how you can stand it. Why haven't you left long ago?"

"No other place to go," said the other dismally. "The landlady's my wife."

The Family Scrap Book.

Mrs. Sauers (to Willy as minister calls to see Mr. Sauers)—Willy, is your father in? Willy—Yes; he's upstairs looking over your scrap book. Mrs. Sauers (puzzled)—You mean my family account book? Willy—Well, it's all the same. He and you always have a scrap every time he goes over it.

The Tombigbee.

"Do you know the origin of the name of the Tombigbee river?" asked the well informed man. "Well," he went on, "it is Choctaw, every syllable, only the word is not 'Tombigbee;' it is 'Tom-bi Ik-bi,' two words, the 'i' being short in each instance. Long ago Choctaws inhabited the section now embraced within the states of Mississippi and Alabama and traversed by the stream that song was about. Nearly a century ago a white man—a carpenter—came among the Indians. He lived on the banks of the stream and among other things made rude coffins for burials. Indians at that time "buried" their dead upon an arbor supported by poles, but they gradually came to the white man's custom of burying in earth and went to the white man carpenter to get their boxes. From this incident, I am told, the stream received its name, 'Tom-bi' meaning box and 'Ik-bi' meaning make, or maker, only they added the word 'bok,' which signifies river or creek, so, literally translated, the combination means 'the river where lives the man that makes boxes.' Time as well as the Anglo-Saxon disposition to round corners in pronunciation Anglicized 'Tom-bi Ik-bi' into 'Tombigbee.'—Wichita Eagle.

The Uplift Movement.

When he left the house Saturday morning Burton yanked at the door as if he would pull it off its hinges. When he couldn't open it he started to grumble until his wife came to his assistance.

"What'n blue blazes is the matter with this door?" he grumbled, giving it another powerful yank without being able to open it.

"The trouble with you, John, dear," the wife ventured, "is that you are always down on everything—down in the mouth, down on the world. Let me try it."

With a gentle tug upward on the knob she easily opened the door.

John was about to sputter out a sarcastic remark when the force of his wife's logic sank in his thick skull.

"I get it!" he exclaimed: "I get the lesson."

That afternoon when his wife visited his office she saw over his desk a little motto with the words, "Me For the Uplift."—Youngstown Telegram.

A Sign of a Crowd.

A very fat, puffing, elderly woman stepped up to the box office of the Chestnut Street theater and, placing a coin on the ticket window, said:

"Give me a ticket to the gallery."

"You are at the wrong window, madam," said the ticket seller. "The gallery ticket office is to your left as you go out of the door."

The old woman walked down the steps and, advancing a few feet, glanced around inquiringly and then let her gaze wander to the iron fire escape which was suspended above the sidewalk.

Going back to the main box office, she said:

"Say, me boy, Oi can't get in there; it's crowded."

"Crowded?"

"Sure, it must be," she said. "They have the steps pulled up."—Philadelphia Times.

With an Eye to the Future.

"It would probably take many generations of adversity to train Americans into the farseeing thriftiness of my people," once observed an American of Scotch birth. "I remember a case of a Scotchwoman who had been promised a new bonnet by a lady. Before she undertook the purchase the lady called and asked the good woman:

"'Would you rather have a felt or a straw bonnet, Mrs. Carmichael?'

"'Weel,' responded Mrs. Carmichael thoughtfully, 'I think I'll tak' a straw ane. It'll maybe be a mouthfu' to the coo when I'm done wi' it.'"—Lippincott's.

Crockett's Revenge.

There is a story of Crockett of "Stickit Minister" fame to the effect that when he offered his first volume to a Scotch firm it was returned with a polite note assuring him that there was no market for that sort of thing. The letter was marked "No. 396b." In later years, when the same publishers asked him for one of his manuscripts he politely requested them to refer to their previous correspondence with him marked "396b."

One of Tom Hood's Last Jokes.

Shortly before his death, being visited by a clergyman, whose features as well as language were more lugubrious than consoling, Hood looked up at him compassionately and said, "My dear sir, I am afraid your religion doesn't agree with you."—Planche's Reminiscences.

Force of Habit.

A street car conductor who recently embraced religion was called upon to take up the Sunday morning offering. He did very well until he came to a boy. "Young man," he said sternly, "you will have to pay half fare."

Stopping It.

"Willie," said his mother, "are you making the baby cry?"

"No'm," replied the boy. "I'm holdin' my hand over her mouth to make her stop."

Caustic.

Mr. Flubb—This affair is horribly dull. I guess I'll go home. Miss Clip—That would remove some of the dullness, Mr. Flubb.—Chicago News.

Imagined ills painted by our fears are always greater than the true.—Metastasio.

Tricking a Game Warden.

When a game warden bought seven pounds of meat and paid a dollar a pound for it he thought he was getting some pretty convincing evidence against a man in Herkimer county whom he supposed to be a chronic violator of the game law. The protector found this particular piece of meat in an icehouse one hot August day, and he spotted it for venison.

"What will you take for that chunk of meat?" he asked the owner.

"That's a tender piece of meat," replied the woodsman, with a wink at the stranger, "and meat is dear way back up here. I wouldn't part with it for less 'n a dollar a pound."

"Well, give me a pound."

"Nope; couldn't do that. It would spile the piece for cookin' to do that."

The game warden had to take the whole thing, and he paid $7 for it, satisfied that he had caught one of the worst game law violators in the Adirondacks. Down to Albany he sent the meat for the forest, fish and game commission to analyze to prove it venison. But it wasn't. It was veal. The backwoodsmen tell the story as one of the best jokes ever played on a game protector.—New York Tribune.

Columns of St. Mark.

Two memorable granite columns, known as the columns of St. Mark, brought from the Holy Land in 1120 and standing in front of the quay and landing steps of the Piazzetta, have been associated with the fortunes of Venice for many years. At first they lay prostrate for a long time, while no one would undertake to raise them. But a reward offered by the doge at length induced one Nicolo Barrattiero (Nick the Blackleg) to offer his services. He succeeded, and claimed as his reward the privilege of carrying on between the columns games of chance, elsewhere prohibited by law. To neutralize this as much as possible it was enacted that all public executions should take place on the same spot. One column is surmounted by the Lion of St. Mark. The other carries a fine figure of St. Theodore, the patron saint of the city, who stands upon a crocodile and with sword and buckler gives token that the motto of Venice is "Defense, Not Defiance."

Montevideo English.

A letter from a concern in Montevideo, South America, to a Chicago firm:

"My dear sir: We know; you ask for agents. We can offer you this. Our office has the representation many articles we can offer the representation your's. We ought to know you; we have placemen and gadders whose business is only to sell our articles. Our business is diffused till some brasilian villages; where the american articles are worth of the highest attention. Our need is that, the diffuse of the news is the best middle for the know; all things; and we don't stop in middles for its circulation; we have decided the appear of The Commercial Review next issue where you can be fellow-laborers, and we with no one expenditure; that is: to say always; you dispense us any cassines."

We like "gadders," as applied to traveling men, don't you?—Chicago Tribune.

He Found His Man.

Englishmen are rather fond of poking fun at those parts of Great Britain where other than the Anglo-Saxon element is dominant, and a favorite subject for jest is the prevalence of the Jones family in Wales.

One of the colleges of Oxford university was much resorted to by Welshmen. A man from another college looking for a friend went into its quadrangle and shouted, "Jones!"

All the windows looking on the quadrangle flew open.

"I mean John Jones," said the searcher.

Half the windows closed.

"I mean the John Jones who has a toothbrush," he explained.

All the windows closed but one.—Topeka State Journal.

A Stitch in Pain.

A stitch is a sharp, spasmodic pain in the muscles of the side like the piercing of a needle and is very apt to be produced if exercise is taken immediately after a hearty meal. This arises because the nervous energy necessary for the proper working of the muscles in exercise is engaged in another direction—namely, in assisting the digestion of the food. Anything that interferes with the proper supply of nervous energy required for exercise, whether it be debility or the process of digestion or exhaustion arising from overexertion, is apt to cause this spasmodic pain.

Adam's Sister.

The palm tree has always been venerated wherever it grows; in some places it is worshiped. "Honor the palm-tree," says a Mohammedan writer, "for she is your father's aunt, for this tree was formed of the remainder of the clay from which Adam was created."

She Knew.

Farmer Hanks (musingly)—They say the deacon's wife was a paragon before he married her, and— Mrs. Hanks—Nothing of the kind! I know the whole family, and she was a Smith!

Always.

Agent—This speedometer will enable you to know how fast you are going. Otto Feend—I don't need one. My bank balance tells me just as well.—Life.

Envy, like flame, blackens that which is above it and which it cannot reach.—Virgil.

THE THING'S THE PLAY

Story That a Reporter Failed to Find Funny

By O. HENRY

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Being acquainted with a newspaper reporter who had a couple of free passes, I got to see the performance a few nights ago at one of the popular vaudeville houses.

One of the numbers was a violin solo by a striking looking man not much past forty, but with very gray, thick hair.

"There was a story about that chap a month or two ago," said the reporter. "They gave me the assignment. It was to run a column and was to be on the extremely light and joking order. The old man seems to like the funny touch I give to local happenings. Oh, yes, I'm working on a farce comedy now. Well, I went down to the house and got all the details, but I certainly fell down on that job. I went back and turned in a comic writeup of an east side funeral instead. Why? Oh, I couldn't seem to get hold of it with my funny hooks somehow. Maybe you could make a one act tragedy out of it for a curtain raiser. I'll give you the details."

After the performance my friend the reporter replied to me the facts over the Wurzburger.

"I see no reason," said I when he had concluded, "why that shouldn't make a rattling good funny story. Those three people couldn't have acted in a more absurd and preposterous manner if they had been real actors in a real theater. I'm really afraid that all the stage is a world, anyhow, and all the players merely men and women. 'The thing's the play,' is the way I quote Mr. Shakespeare."

"Try it," said the reporter.

"I will," said I, and I did, to show him how he could have made a humorous column of it for his paper.

There stands a house near Abingdon square. On the ground floor there has been for twenty-five years a little store where toys and notions and stationery are sold.

One night twenty years ago there was a wedding in the rooms above the store. The Widow Mayo owned the house and store. Her daughter Helen was married to Frank Barry. John Delaney was best man. Helen was eighteen and a belle of the lower west side.

Frank Barry and John Delaney were prominent young beaux of the same set and boon friends, whom you expected to turn upon each other every time the curtain went up. Each had made a great race for Helen's hand. When Frank won John shook his hand and congratulated him honestly, he did.

After the ceremony Helen ran upstairs to put on her hat. She was getting married in a traveling dress.

Then there was a rattle of the fire escape and into her room leaped the mad and infatuated John Delaney.

IN STALKED THE BRIDEGROOM.

With a damp curl drooping upon his forehead, and made violent and reprehensible love to his lost one, entreating her to flee or fly with him.

It would have carried Blaney off its feet to see Helen repulse him. With blazing and scornful eyes she airly withered him by demanding whatever he meant by speaking to respectable people that way.

In a few moments she had him going. The manliness that had possessed him departed. He bowed low and said something about "irresistible impulse" and "forever carry in his heart the memory of"—and she suggested that he catch the first fire escape going down.

"I will away," said John Delaney, "to the furthermost parts of the arth. I cannot remain near you and now that you are another's."

"For goodness sake, get out," said Helen. "Somebody might come in."

He knelt upon one knee, and she extended him one white hand that he might give it a farewell kiss.

And then, of course—how did you guess it?—the door opened and in stalked the bridegroom, jealous of slow tying bonnet strings.

The farewell kiss was imprinted upon Helen's hand, and out of the window and down the fire escape sprang John Delaney, Africa bound.

A little slow music, if you please—faint violin, just a breath in the clarinet and a touch of the cello. Imagine the scene! Frank, white hot, with the cry of a man wounded to death bursting from him; Helen, rushing and clinging to him, trying to explain. He catches her wrists and tears them from his shoulders—once, twice, thrice he flings her this way and that—the stage manager will show you how—and throws her from him to the floor a huddled, crushed, moaning thing. Never, he cries, will he look upon her face again, and rushes from the house through the staring groups of astonished guests.

And now, because it is the thing instead of the play, the audience must stroll out into the real lobby of the world and marry, die, grow gray, rich, poor, happy or sad during the intermission of twenty years which must precede the rising of the curtain again.

Mrs. Barry inherited the shop and the house. At thirty-eight she could have bested many an eighteen-year old at a beauty show on points and general results. Only a few people remembered her wedding comedy, but she made of it no secret.

One day a middle aged, money making lawyer, who bought his legal cap and ink of her, asked her across the counter to marry him.

"I'm really much obliged to you," said Helen cheerfully, "but I married another man twenty years ago. He was more a goose than a man, but I think I love him yet. I have never seen him since about half an hour after the ceremony. Was it copying ink that you wanted or just writing fluid?"

The lawyer bowed over the counter with old time grace and left a respectful kiss on the back of her hand. Helen sighed. Parting scenes, however romantic, may be overdone. Here she was at thirty-eight, beautiful and admired, and all that she seemed to have got from her lovers were reproaches and outlaws.

Business languished, and she hung out a "Room to Let" card. Two large rooms on the third floor were prepared for desirable tenants.

One day came Ramonti, the violinist, and engaged the front room above.

Ramonti, with his still youthful face, his dark eyebrows, his distinguished head of gray hair and his artist's temperament revealed in his light, gay and sympathetic manner, was a welcome tenant in the old house near Abingdon square.

Helen lived on the floor above the store. The architecture of it was singular and quaint. The hall was large and almost square. Up one side of it and then across the end of it ascended an open stairway to the floor above. This hall space she had furnished as a sitting room and office combined. There she kept her desk and wrote her business letters, and there she sat of evenings by a warm fire and a bright red light and sewed or read. Ramonti found the atmosphere so agreeable that he spent much time there, describing to Mrs. Barry the wonders of Paris, where he had studied with a particularly notorious and noisy teacher.

Next room I place No. 2, a handsome, portly lady in the early forties, with a brown, mysterious beard and strangely pleading, haunting eyes. He, too, found the society of Helen a desirable thing. With the eyes of Romeo and Othello's tongue, he charmed her with tales of distant climes and wooed her by respectful hintetale.

From the first Helen felt a marvelous and compelling thrill in the presence of this man. His voice somehow took her swiftly back to the days of her youth's romance. This feeling grew and she gave way to it, and it led her to an instinctive belief that he had been a factor in that romance. And then with a woman's reasoning (oh, yes, they do, sometimes) she leaped over common syllogisms and theory and logic and was sure that her husband had come back to her. For she saw in his eyes love, which no woman can mistake, and a thousand tons of regret and remorse, which aroused pity, which is perilously near to love requited, which is the sine qua non in the house that Jack built.

But she made no sign. A husband who steps around the corner for twenty years and then drops in again should not expect to find his slippers laid out too conveniently near nor a match ready lighted for his cigar. There must be explation, explanation and possibly execration. A little purgatory, and then, maybe, if he were properly humble, he might be invested with a harp and crown. And so she made no sign that she knew or suspected.

And my friend the reporter could see nothing funny in this! Sent out on an assignment to write up a roaring, hilarious, brilliant joshing story of— But I will not knock a brother.

One evening Ramonti stopped in Helen's hall-office-reception room and told his love with the tenderness and ardor of the enraptured artist. His words were a bright flame of the divine fire that glows in the heart of a man who is a dreamer and a doer combined.

"But before you give me an answer," he went on before she could accuse him of suddenness, "I must tell you that Ramonti is the only name I have to offer you. My manager gave me that. I do not know who I am or where I came from. My first recollection is of opening my eyes in a hospital. I was a young man, and I had been there for weeks. My life before that is a blank to me. They told me that I was found lying in the street with a wound on my head and was brought there in an ambulance. They thought I must have fallen and struck my head upon the stones. There was nothing to show who I was. I have never been able to remember. After I was discharged from the hospital I took up the violin. I have had success. Mrs. Barry—I do not know your name except that—I love you. The first time I saw you I realized that you were the one woman in the world for me—and"—oh, a lot of stuff like that.

Helen felt young again. First a wave of pride and a sweet little thrill of vanity went all over her, and then she looked Ramonti in the eyes, and a tremendous throb went through her heart. She hadn't expected that throb. It took her by surprise. The musician had become a big factor in her life, and she hadn't been aware of it.

"Mr. Ramonti," she said sorrowfully (this was not on the stage, remember; it was in the old home near Abingdon square), "I'm awfully sorry, but I'm a married woman."

And then she told him the sad story of her life, as a heroine must do sooner or later, either to a theatrical manager or to a reporter."

Ramonti took her hand, bowed low and kissed it and went up to his room.

Helen sat down and looked mournfully at her hand. Well she might. Three suitors had kissed it, mounted their red roan steeds and ridden away.

In an hour entered the mysterious stranger with the haunting eyes. Helen was in the willow rocker, knitting a useless thing in cotton wool. He thundered from the stairs and stopped for a chat. Sitting across the table from her, he also spoke of his narrative of love. And then he said: "Helen, do you not remember me? I think I have seen it in your eyes. Can you forgive the past and remember the love that has burned for twenty years? I wronged you deeply. I was afraid to come back to you, but my love overpowered my reason. Can you, will you, forgive me?"

"THEY TOLD ME I WAS FOUND IN THE STREET."

Helen stood up. The mysterious stranger held one of her hands in a strong and trembling clasp.

There she stood, and I pity the stage that it has not acquired a scene like that and her emotions to portray.

For she stood with a divided heart. The fresh, unforgettable, virginal love for her bridegroom was hers; the treasured, sacred, honored memory of her first choice filled half her soul. She leaned to that pure feeling. Honor and faith and sweet abiding romance bound her to it. But the other half of her heart and soul was filled with something else—a later, fuller, nearer influence. And so the old fought against the new.

And while she hesitated from the room above came the soft, racking, petitionary music of a violin. The bag Music bewitches some of the noblest. The daws may peck upon one's sleeve without injury, but whoever wears his heart upon his tymphanum gets it not far from the neck.

This music and the musician called her, and at her side honor and the old love held her back.

"Forgive me," he pleaded.

"Twenty years is a long time to remain away from the one you say you love," she declared, with a purgatorial touch.

"How could I tell?" he begged. "I will conceal nothing from you. That night when he left I followed him. I was mad with jealousy. On a dark street I struck him down. He did not rise. I examined him. His head had struck a stone. I did not intend to kill him. I was mad with love and jealousy. I hid near by and saw an ambulance take him away. Although you married him, Helen"—

"Who are you?" cried the woman, with wide open eyes, snatching her hand away.

"Don't you remember me, Helen—the one who has always loved you the best? I am John Delaney. If you can forgive"—

But she was gone, leaping, stumbling, hurrying, flying up the stairs toward the music and him who had forgotten, but who had known her for his in each of his two existences, and as she climbed up she sobbed, cried and sang, "Frank, Frank, Frank!"

Three mortals thus juggling with years as though they were billiard balls, and my friend the reporter couldn't see anything funny in it!

AN UNREAD REPORT.

The Methods of Barney Barnato In His Mining Ventures.

Barney Barnato before the tragic termination of his career was widely known because of his large fortune won in mining ventures. His rapid accumulation of wealth was popularly attributed to luck, but luck of the persistent variety usually rests upon a more solid basis than mere chance. An insight to Barnato's methods is afforded by an incident recently related by A. A. Blow, an American engineer once in Barnato's employ. After an exhaustive examination of a mine whose purchase was under consideration Blow prepared an elaborate and voluminous report, it was accompanied by maps and selections and was a piece of work of which the engineer felt that he could be justly proud. When it was handed to Barnato to read, however, the latter laid it aside unopened.

"Tell me about it," he said.

Blow proceeded to make an oral report.

Barnato dozed. Finally he exclaimed:

"I employed you because I think you know something about this business, and I do not. Now, I do not want to hear all of this scientific rot about this mine. All I want you to tell me is whether it is good business?"

Blow told him "No."

"Then that settles it," said Barnato. "You are willing to accept the responsibility of turning down this property at the price offered?"

"Yes," was Blow's reply, "but I want you to examine the reports, maps, assays, plans, etc., and see the reasons I have for my conclusions."

"Why should I do this?" Barnato inquired. "You tell me that it is not 'good business.' And as I cannot understand your report why should I waste my time on anything that is not good business?"—Moody's Magazine.

VOCAL TRAINING ABROAD.

The Handicap American Music Students Face In Paris.

"The American voice is better handled at home than abroad," is the conclusion that years of experience have led Mr. Savage to reach, "for here it is better understood than it is there. Vocal training acquired, Europe offers the advantage of generations of tradition and an opportunity to crystallize individual ideas of interpretation. Here the singer has his courses of technology; there he finds the Beaux Arts for polishing.

"One thing that must be keenly felt by Americans studying in Paris and who for years have spent their money and time there is the chauvinistic attitude of the French toward American singers.

"There are, it seems, 3,000 American music students in Paris. You can count on three fingers those in that number who will ever really 'arrive.' In many cases their people are starving at home to meet constant demands for more money. Yet those students have no more chance of a Paris engagement than an Icelc in regions ultra tropical.

"At the Paris Conservatoire, a most excellent institution, they blast native pupils on conclusion of study for years of apprenticeship at French opera houses. In Paris there are the Grand Opera, the Opera Comique and the Lyrique, all signing them for engagements. From these they are in turn sublet to such outlying theaters as those of Bordeaux, Lyons and elsewhere in the provinces. The French do not want the money to go out of the country.

"And still the cry is: 'Go to Paris to study! Go to Paris to study?'"—William Armstrong in Ainslee's.

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